
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

APRIL, 1803.

SKETCH OF THE MEMOIRS
OF THE
REV. WILLIAM MASON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.

————— My infant eyes
First open'd on that bleak and boisterous shore
Where Humber weds the nymphs of Trent and
Ouse

To his and ocean's tritons; thence full soon
My youth retir'd, and left the busy strand
To commerce and to care. In Margaret's grove,
Beneath whose time-worn shade old Cadmus
sleeps,

Was next my tranquil station—science there
Sat musing; and to those that lov'd the lore,
Painted with mystic wand, to truths involv'd
In geometric symbols, scorning those
Perchance too much who woo'd the thriftless
muse.

Mason's English Garden.

WE are now about to treat our readers with
the biography of a poet, the friend of
Gray, and the ornament of the British nation.
Happy in tracing the progress of genius where-
ever it may be found to flourish, we cannot

avoid feeling a more than ordinary pleasure when we are thus called upon to contemplate the produce of our own soil. MASON was not only a Briton, but his chief work displays the beauties attaching to the most cultivated spots in our own native country.

WILLIAM MASON was born at Kingston-upon Hull, which place also gave birth to the celebrated Andrew Marvell, of honest memory. The father was a clergyman in that town, where the son received the rudiments of his education. Of the particulars of this early period of his life nothing has reached us. From the taste and genius he afterwards displayed, it is to be presumed that he soon shewed a predilection for learning, from which his tutors must have reaped no small satisfaction.

At a proper age he entered St. John's college, at Cambridge, but the mathematics, the favorite study of that university, appear never to have attracted much of his attention. He discovered an early passion for the sister arts of painting and poetry. He left St. John's in the year 1746, returning to his father in Yorkshire, where he prosecuted his studies in retirement. Thence he was soon drawn again to college by a circumstance particularly pleasing—the friendship of Gray.

In the year 1749 he was elected to a vacant fellowship in Pembroke Hall, where he passed many years greatly to his improvement. The friendship between him and Gray was of an elevated and superior kind—they were kindred souls—few persons were ever more closely

united. The maiden productions of Mason's muse were subjected to the critical eye of his friend—those productions with which he instructed and delighted the world. His *Museus*, or *Monody on the Death of Pope* (who died May 30, 1744), underwent his revision, and brought its author a high degree of reputation. Nor should it be passed over, that "Imitations of Milton's Juvenile Poems" were also received by the public with applause: they were prefaced with an amiable modesty, and of course met with a generous treatment. That young poets should imitate the flights of established bards is to be expected—the contemplation of superior excellence ought ever to beget a generous emulation.

In the year 1754, Mr. Mason entered the church under the patronage of the Earl of Holderness, through whose interest he was appointed chaplain to the king, and presented to the valuable living of Aston. Not long after this period he obtained the precentorship in York cathedral, which leading him to the study of music, he published a little treatise on this delightful subject. As a clergyman, he was very attentive to the duties of his station, and was thus an honor to the profession. He is said to have excelled in the pulpit, so that his compositions attracted attention. Indeed a person of his feeling and way of thinking would always endeavour to conduct himself with acceptance in an office of so much importance to mankind. On the character of the clergy, both in the church and among dissenters, a great

deal depends respecting the condition and welfare of the community.

Mr. Mason published, about the year 1756, "Four Odes," which are characterized for the harmony of the verse, vividness of conception, and the spirit of liberty with which they are pervaded. The address to Milton, in the "Ode to Memory," and the address to Andrew Marvell, in his "Ode to Independence," are entitled to our admiration.

In the year 1765, our poet married an amiable and beautiful young lady; he, however, lived with her but a short time, for she died at the Bristol hot wells, in 1767, of a rapid consumption. Her tomb, remarkably neat, the writer of this article has more than once seen in the cathedral there, with this exquisite inscription, from the pen of her husband—the lines form, without exception, the finest epitaph in the English language :

Take, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear,
Take that best gift which Heav'n so lately
gave :

To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
Her faded form—she bow'd to taste the wave,
And died !—Does youth, does beauty read the
line,

Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm ?
Speak, dead Maria ! breathe a strain divine—
Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have pow'r to
charm !

Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee :
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move,
And if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love !

Tell them, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
'Twas ev'n to thee—yet the dread path once
trod,

HEAV'N lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the *pure in heart* behold their God !

The year 1770 deprived our poet of his friend Gray ; he was left an executor, with several others, who raised a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey, on which are the following expressive lines by Mason :

No more the Grecian muse unrivall'd reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay :
She boasts a Homer's fire, a Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray !

Of the publications of Mr. Mason, the chief were his " Caractacus," his " Elfrida," and his " English Garden." The two former were both tragedies, written after the Greek manner, and contain many passages which have been admired for their beauty. His intention in these two pieces was to steer between the wild irregularity of Shakespeare and the classical severity of Milton. His " English Garden" consists of four books, in blank verse, replete with description, and allusions to romantic scenery : it is of the didactic form, and imitates the " Georgics" of Virgil. The principles on which the poet proceeds are laid down in the first book ; the three other contain rules for the application. The design indeed of the whole performance is to apply the rules of imitative art to real nature. Thus by proper selections and agreeable combinations in the relative position of hedges, buildings, trees, and water, by

an accurate arrangement of lands in reference to hills and vallies, to produce picturesque scenery—an art but little known in Greece and Rome, but an art in which the English have surpassed all modern nations.

The poet lived to a good old age, beloved and respected by all who knew him. His death was sudden and unexpected: while getting into his carriage; his foot slipped, and he received a bruise; of this, however, he took no notice for several days; but on the 3d of April, 1800; a mortification took place, which in the course of forty-eight hours put a period to his life, in the 72d year of his age. An elegant elegy was published to his memory, but with the name of the author we are not acquainted: it was inserted in a former number of our Miscellany.

To sum up the character of Mr. MASON in a few words—he was a sensible, ingenious, pious man; being a friend of Gray, he caught a portion of his accuracy and sublimity; studying elegance in all its proportions, he has given to the world some finished productions.—Throughout life he was in politics a whig; but the cruelties of the French revolution estranged him from the principles of liberty, which he had espoused on all former occasions. *Liberty*, like every other blessing, has been grossly abused: but acts of ferocity, committed in the moment of exasperation, shall never induce us to believe that measures ought to be adopted which are injurious to the rights of mankind.

Islington.

J. E.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 73.

POEMS

BY NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD,

Brother of the Farmer's Boy.

HAVING analysed the *Essay on War* in our last number, we proceed to notice passages in the other smaller poems, with which we were much pleased.

Honington Green descants on the evils of inclosing lands, particularly to the poor, a circumstance here affectingly deplored :

Improvement extends its domain ;
The shepherds of Britain deplore
That the coulter has furrow'd each plain,
And their calling is needful no more.
“ Enclosing land doubles its use :
When cultur'd, the heath and the moor
Will the riches of Ceres produce,
Yet feed as large flocks as before.”

Such a lucrative maxim as this
The lords of the land all pursue,
For who such advantage would miss—
Self-interest we all keep in view.
By it they still more wealth amass,
Who possess'd great abundance before ;
It gives pow'r to the great—but, alas !
Still poorer it renders the poor !

His *father* is thus affectionately described :

I faintly remember the man,
Who died when I was a child ;
But far as my young mind could scan,
His manners were gentle and mild :
He won infant ears with his lore,
Nor let young ideas run wild,
Tho' his hand the severe rod of pow'r
Never sway'd o'er a trembling child.

Nor anxiously careful for pelf,
Melancholic and thoughtful, his mind
Look'd inward and dwelt on itself,
Still pensive, pathetic, and kind ;
Yet oft in despondency drown'd,
He from friends and from converse would fly,
In weeping a luxury found,
And relief'd others' woes with a sigh.

In solitude long would he stay,
And long lock'd in silence his tongue ;
Then he humm'd an elegiac lay,
Or a psalm penitential he sung.
But if with his friends he regal'd,
His mirths, as his griefs, knew no bounds ;
In no tale of Mark Sargent he fail'd,
Nor in all Robin Hood's derry downs.

Thro' the poor widow's long lonely years,
Her father supported us all :
Yet sure she was loaded with cares,
Being left with six children so small.
Meagre want never lifted her latch ;
Her cottage was still tight and clean ;
And the casement beneath its low thatch
Commanded a view o'er the green.

The praises of the *Green* are then celebrated with simplicity :

The green was our pride thro' the year,
For in spring, when the wild flow'rets blew,
Tho' many rich pastures were near,
Where cowslips and daffodils grew ;
And tho' such gallant flow'rs were our choice,
It was bliss interrupted by fear—
The fear of their owner's dread voice,
Harshly bawling "You've no business here!"
While the green, tho' but daisies its boast,
Was free as the flow'rs to the bee ;
In all seasons the green we lov'd most,
Because on the green we were free :
'Twas the prospect that first met my eyes,
And memory still blesses the scene ;
For early my heart learnt to prize
The freedom of Honington Green !

The *Culprit* describes the feelings of an unhappy criminal at the bar, agitated by fear and hope ;—he is however acquitted, which is thus spiritedly expressed :

Hope, thy presage cannot fail,
Bid my Mary cease to mourn ;
Surely mercy shall prevail,
And I to love and life return.
Shall I the lenient verdict hear,
Thrilling thro' my shiv'ring frame ?
Ye jurors, clad in smiles appear,
To realize this happy dream.
Their deliberation's o'er,
How shall I the crisis meet ?
Hark ! I hear the opening door—
Silence and awe attend their feet !

They enter—tho' no voice is heard,
 Mercy in each face I see;
 They speak—and in the single word
 Is life, and love, and liberty !*

Yorkshire Dip is a piece of humour and merri-
 ment; but *Love's Triumph* is a most charming
 piece. *Mary* seeing her rich neighbours, wishes
 to be allied to the wealthy by marriage. *Steph-*
phen suspects it, and is alarmed; he tells her
 what *old Baldwin* says on the inefficacy of
 wealth to confer happiness: the four last verses
 therefore speak for themselves—it is impossible
 not to admire them :

“ In Britain, blest with peace and competence,
 Rich fortune's favors could impart no more :
 Heaven's blessings equal happiness dispense—
 Believe my words, for I am old and poor.

“ Many who drudge in labour's roughest ways,
 By whom life's simplest lowest walks are trod,
 Happily live to honor'd length of days,
 Blessing kind nature, and kind nature's God.”

What think you, is sage Baldwin right ?
 Should spring-tide love endure delay ?
 And shall our bliss be seal'd ere night—
 Say, lovely Mary, softly say ?

* This question may come before the jury in
 cases of homicide, assault and battery, and other
 charges of that nature, which may be justifiable on
 circumstances: but in many, if the fact is found,
 as in forgery, &c. the criminality, with some very
 rare exceptions, is a legal inference necessarily re-
 sulting from the fact. C. L.

Why starts my love, why rise to go—
Will Mary then my suit deny?
Sweet is the smile that answers, No!
By Heaven there's rapture in her eye!

The *Proverbs of Threescore* affectionately addressed to *Eighteen* are truly instructive and impressive; the first and last verses will be a sufficient specimen:

Have you seen the delightless abode
Where penury nurses despair;
Where comfortless life is a load,
Age wishes no longer to bear.
Ah! who in this lazerhouse pent,
His lone wallings sends up to the skies?
'Tis the man whose young prime was mispent—
'Tis he who so bitterly sighs.

Early cultivate virtue's rich seeds,
These will fruits in life's winter display;
Ne'er defer till to-morrow good deeds,
That as well might be finish'd to-day.
For age and experience can tell,
And you'll find, when you grow an old man,
Though it's never too late to do well,
You will wish you had sooner began.

More Bread and Cheese is an humourous song upon the exceptionable principle which pervades the *Essay on War*—the last verse states it fully:

Think not hell is let loose with a terrible mission,
To punish a world for incor'gible sin:
Not from angry gods, nor from deep politicians,
War nat'rally springs from the passions of men.*

* So hath said the apostle. Ja. iv. i. But then these

'Tis for room and for food
That men fight and shed blood ; *
When sufficiently thinn'd, the inducement will
cease :
There'll be room for us all
When our numbers are small,
And the few that are left will have more bread
and cheese.

The *Lyric Address to Dr. Jenner* was given in the last number of our Miscellany. We flatter ourselves that this analysis of these extraordinary poems will not only gratify the curiosity of our readers, but afford them some degree of satisfaction.

Islington.

J. E.

warring passions are something very like national sins.

C. L.

* Bad as this would be, it would be well if they made war on motives less naturally urgent than these: "glandem atque cubilia propter." It is worse to make wars of heroical, still worse of ministerial, and worst of all of commercial speculation.

C. L.

The British Traveller.

NO. 10.

DESCRIPTION OF MADRID.

MADRID is situated in the centre of Spain, and on all sides almost equally distant from the sea. It stands higher than any other town, on an unequal plain, at some distance from the river Manzanares. It presents three principal views, the one toward the road to San Sebastian, a second from the heights before the gate of Alcalà, and a third from a hill before the port of Segovia. They have all different characters, but the last appears to be the finest: it is from thence that the city is seen in its greatest extent. To the eastward the gardens of the Retiro, the Prado, and the other plantations on the bank of the river, to the westward the new palace, the rows of trees along the river, and some country-houses. The eye then pursues the course of the Manzanares, with its bridges and canals, and in the distance appear the lofty mountains of Guadarrama covered with snow.

Madrid forms an irregular square, of which two sides look toward the river, and the other two to the country. The town is surrounded by a wall of no great thickness, but tolerably high, and built of mud. It is easy to walk round it in three hours and an half. A line drawn from the *Puerta de Fuencarral* to that of

Toledo divides the city in two parts lengthways, and the distance is an hour and a quarter. Another line drawn from the *Puerta de Alcalà* to that of *Segovia* divides the city transversely, and is a walk of nearly three quarters of an hour. According to the last accounts by Lopez, in his *Geografia moderna*, the number of inhabitants, excepting the garrison, the hospitals, and children, amounts to 130,980 occupying 7,100 houses, and it contains 77 churches, 44 monasteries, and 31 convents. Most of the churches and monasteries are not detached buildings, but adjoining to other edifices.

The old houses are almost all of wood, but the new ones of granite, which is brought from a distance of 16 or 18 leagues. The old houses rarely exceed four stories, but the new have five or six. The former are decorated with paintings representing bull-fights, dancers, &c. in which the ancient costume is displayed. The others are quite simple, and almost all painted yellow. The old windows are high and narrow, the balconies small, the frontispieces projecting; but the new are quite the contrary, they are all in the Italian style; but there is no scarcity of images of saints, crucifixes, and madonnas.

This mixture of old and new buildings is particularly striking in places remarkable for their magnificence or deformity: thus for instance in the street of *Alcalà*, or near the custom-house (which is a superb edifice), you will find an old mean building, and opposite to it awkward unsightly erections; and in the street called

Strada de la Concepcion are several magnificent edifices by the side of others that resemble old barracks. The street of *Alcalà*, the *Red de San Luis*, the street of *San Hieronimo* are undeniably the finest and most animated, but they are disfigured by many old buildings; the streets of *Toledo*, *Segovia*, and the *Calle-mayor* with its low arcades, consist in great measure of old and displeasing buildings, though here and there we find a few new and tolerably regular edifices. In the first of these streets are even some waste spots. The celebrated square of *Puerta del Sol* is decorated on one side by the great and magnificent building of the post-office called *el Correo*, but the two others are full of disgusting old houses, two of which were till lately shored up, though they are at last pulled down; and as for the *Plaza mayor*, descriptions of which are every where to be found, to admire it we must forget the fine squares of other capitals. But all comparisons apart, a square closed on all sides, and destitute of every prospect, does not appear to me calculated to embellish a great city.

Let us now take a view of one of the most animated streets, as for instance the *Red de San Luis*. What a varied crowd! what a confusion of sounds! Women in black and veiled, men in long cloaks, water-carriers, fruit-sellers, magnificent equipages, dusty diligences, light calesas, waggons drawn by mules and groaning under an enormous weight, a multitude of asses with their pack-saddles and bells, and herds of goats, with peasants going from door to door to

milk them. Further on blind musicians singing their *tornadillas* (popular songs), and *alguazils* crying the orders of police, a crowd of *gallegos* (porters), processions of chaplets, guards following the drum, or confraternities escorting a funeral and singing psalms, the tinkling of bells at all the neighbouring churches, and lastly the solemn procession of the *venerable*, or host, when the bells of the children of the choir being heard, every one kneels down, all tongues are silent, and all hats off, all the carriages stop, and the tumultuous mass seems instantaneously petrified; but two minutes are scarcely elapsed before the accustomed clangor is renewed.

In the centre of Madrid, a spot which is used as a place of assemblage by all the inhabitants, and as a general rendezvous by all persons of business, is the square I have already mentioned, called *La Puerta del Sol* (or Sun-gate), in which the most frequented streets terminate, as the Red de San-Luis, the Calle-mayor, and that of San-Hieronimi.

The public squares are used throughout Spain as promenades and places of assemblage. The small towns and even the villages are not without such an open space, which is generally in front of the church. It is there the Spaniards recreate themselves after their labours, or enjoy the warmth of the sun in winter, and even those who scarcely ever quit the town regularly resort there. From this the reader may conceive the appearance of such a spot in the centre of the metropolis.

When it strikes eleven, a troop of officers of the guard with brilliant accoutrements, monks in black cloaks, charming women in veils embroidered with gold holding the arms of their *cortejos*, and a party-coloured crowd of all kinds wrapped up in their cloaks, pour from every street to read the advertisements and posting-bills (*noticias sueltas*):—"To-day there will be a sermon and music at the Franciscans; there will be an opera and such and such plays. To-morrow there will be a bull-fight, or the novena of San Felipo commences. Lost yesterday at the Prado a little girl, and this morning a chaplet. Stolen three days ago such and such a jewel; if it has been taken through want, and if the thief will restore it by his confessor, he shall receive a handsome reward. The day after to-morrow will be sold by auction a large crucifix, an image of the Madona, and a nacimiento (or case containing the infant Jesus, with the two other persons of the trinity, in wood, plaster, &c.) This evening the procession of the rosary will set out about eight o'clock." &c.

Meanwhile the square is constantly filling, so that it becomes very difficult to pass. Here are criers of journals stunning the passengers with their noise, people reading the gazette for a quarto (a farthing), walloon and Swiss guards offering goods for sale, hackney-coaches plying for fares, old clothesmen, cobblers, sharpeners, sellers of images and cigars, and hucksters of all kinds tormenting the passengers; there a numerous circle crowd round an ingenious memorialista or notary, a very profitable occupation,

and abounding in every street—for nothing is to be obtained by verbal applications, even to a passport, for which a *memorialito* must pass through an infinity of offices; and there a lot with a dial to be pulled; next him a juggler with dancing monkeys, and farther on goods selling by auction; women ogling the passengers also mingle in the crowd, while capuchins with long beards parade with gravity and solemnity. Here you are attacked by a couple of ballad-singers, and there annoyed by an importunate beggar; to all which is added the noise of carriages and calesas, and of the neighbouring fountain re-echoing with the loud hallooing voices of the water-carriers!

This place is far more noisy still on Sundays and holidays, when crowds of people are flocking to the neighbouring churches. It is the fashion to pass these days in the square, and many a fair who has missed her lover at church is sure to find him here. The groups then crowd upon each other to the very gates of the church, and every one appears in his best apparel.

But it strikes ONE—and the crowd disappears! The porters range themselves near the houses to sleep the siesta or eat their dinner; all the shops are shut; at the corners of the streets the hucksters cover their stalls and stretch themselves beside them on the pavement, the place is cleared, the most noisy streets are quite deserted and dead, and a solitary passenger is rarely seen. But no sooner do the bells ring for vespers, than all is life again, and at four o'clock the place is crowded anew.

At this time ladies of easy access issue forth from their retreats, spreading on all sides, and no modest woman dares to be seen abroad without her cortejo or her duenna, and frequently both. The former is the same as a cicisbeo or gentleman usher, whose business it is to escort the lady to public places: latterly, however, they are employed more through etiquette than utility, and the custom chiefly prevails among the upper orders. The duenna was formerly a severe governess or guardian of the wife, paid by the husband, and frequently chosen from among his relations, but now a mere lady's maid. The women we are speaking of, however, are free from this slavery. Their light and bold walk, their short and fluttering petticoats, of which the long and transparent fringe exposes to view at every step a delicate and beautiful leg, those enticing veils which rather display than conceal their charms, their large nosegays, and the coquettish play of their fans, characterize these dangerous syrens. A word or a look, however cursory, suffice to produce an assignation, which is afterwards settled more at leisure in some neighbouring street.

The first-rate demireps, who still keep up external appearances, generally take with them a little girl eight or ten years old, who serves as their duenna, and, proud of their charms, they wait till due homage is paid them. Those of the second class, who go alone, use less reserve; they smile with grace, and employ the most seducing allurements they possess.

At this time come the venders of cool water (*aguadores*) crying, "Agua fresca! agua fresca! quien beve? quien quiere? Aora viene de la fuente!" "Cool water, nice cool water! Who drinks? who wants any water, just fresh from the fountain?"—These men carry on their shoulders a large stone pitcher fastened on with leather thongs, and keep goblets in tin vessels to drink out of: it is sold at a farthing the glass. Also orange-girls (*naranjeras*) crying, "Naranjas, naranjas! dos por tres quartos! por tres quartos dos!" "Oranges, oranges! two for three farthings, for three farthings two!"—The flower-girls (*roseas*), "Tome vm! tome vm! senorito, senorita! tres por un quarto! que hermosas! que ricas! el manojo un quarto! que hermosas yo las tengo." "Take some, take some, dear sir! dear madam! three for a farthing! how beautiful! how rich! a farthing a handful! how beautiful they are!"—The chaise-drivers (*caleseros*), "Un calesin, senor? quantos assientos? tome vm que calesin y que caballo yo tengo! vamos senor! una buelta al canal o adonde vm quiera." "A chaise, sir? how many seats? come, sir! what a chaise, and what a horse are mine! come, sir, a turn to the canal, or wherever you please!"—The news-venders, "Gazeta nova, gazeta nova! No tengo mas que media dozena. Quien quiere la ultima gazeta? Tome vm la ultima que tengo." "The new gazette, the new gazette! I have only half a dozen left. Who will have the last gazette? Take it, sir, the last I have."—And lastly the beggars, "Senor,

una limosina ! por Maria santissima ! una limosina a este pobrecito, que no puede ganar ! una limosina por los dolores de Maria santissima !”

“ Sir, your charity, for the love of the holy virgin ! your charity to a poor man that cannot work ! your charity, by the pains of the holy virgin !”—Then by degrees the various equipages go to the theatres or the Prado, and on all sides company in chariots, on mules, and on borricos. At length it is twilight, the bells ring for the angelus, the lamps are lighted before the madonas and in the houses, while the wine sellers and lemonade sellers light up their shops, and every where are seen little tables with French rolls and paper lanterns. “ Que ricos ! que tiernecitos ! que blanditos !” How rich ! how fresh ! how soft !—The noise of the passengers, the rumbling of carriages increases every moment, and the whole square is full of people. Here guitars and voleros are heard, there a ballad-singer singing the last new ballad and stories of men hanged, then a vigorous copper-coloured missionary preaching to a penitent populace, while his audience are appointing assignations.

A third class of courtezans are now in full display, all having left their hovels and garrets ; and having fortified their courage in some tippling-house (botelleria), they advance in high spirits into the square. “ Ah hijo de mi alma !” exclaim they, throwing their arms round the neck of the first man they meet, and covering his mouth with kisses, “ Como va ? como te hallas, querido ? Quieres ver mi quar-

tito? Saves que tengo una camita? No se ha visto camita semejante!" To which they add gestures that would make you blush even in the dark. And yet these women are frequently not destitute of wit and talents, and often have their heads full of verses which they recite.—These scenes take place at the corner of the post-house (el correo) and of the Red de San-Luis, till the procession of the rosary with its lanterns, or the guard from the corps-de-garde, disperses them for a few moments.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ADDRESS TO THE KING.

The following Address from the Protestant Dissenting Ministers was presented to his Majesty on Thursday, March 31, 1803, at the Queen's Palace, Buckingham-house.

“WE your majesty's loyal and faithful subjects, the Protestant Dissenting Ministers in and about the cities of London and Westminster, approach your royal presence to express our utter abhorrence of the late wicked and traitorous conspiracy formed against your majesty's person, family, and government, and to offer our most cordial congratulations on its providential detection and overthrow. May the awful punishment which was deservedly inflicted upon its authors, together with a just sense of your majesty's distinguished virtues, and of the invaluable privileges which we and

our fellow-subjects have so long enjoyed, contribute to the stability of your majesty's throne and to the future quiet of the empire!

"Permit us on this occasion to renew our assurances of our affectionate regard to your illustrious house, and our unalterable attachment to the venerable and excellent constitution of our country. We beg leave to assure your majesty that it shall be our zealous endeavour, so far as the influence of our exhortations and example may extend, to promote a solicitous attention to the safety of your majesty's person, a cheerful submission to legal authority, and an ardent concern for the general interests of virtue and religion.

"Animated with the purest sentiments of loyalty and attachment, we commend your majesty to the continued protection and favor of Providence, earnestly praying that you may yet for many years wield the sceptre over a free, united, and flourishing people; and that when at length, by divine appointment, you lay aside an earthly crown, you may receive from the King of Kings that crown of glory which fadeth not away!"

Samuel Palmer, presenter.

Ab. Rees, D.D. F.R.S.	Thomas Morgan.
Thomas Tayler.	John Clayton.
Nathaniel Jennings.	Samuel Tice.
William Smith, A.M.	James Dore, A.M.
John Kello.	John Humphreys.
John Rippon, D.D.	Joseph Brooksbank.
William Button.	Dan Taylor.

Thomas Belsham.
John Evans, A.M.
Richard Shiells.

James Knight.
Joseph Hughes, A.M.
J. Pye Smith.

To which address his majesty was pleased to deliver the following gracious answer :

“ I THANK you for this fresh instance of your attachment to my person and government. The providential deliverance which has been afforded to me and my people from a most desperate and wicked design to destroy our free and happy constitution cannot fail to animate our united exertions to transmit so great and invaluable a blessing unimpaired to our posterity.”

The deputation had then severally the honor of kissing his majesty's hand. They were very politely introduced by Lord Pelham, who, together with Lord Boston and Sir Stephen Cotterell, were the only courtiers present on the occasion.

For the Monthly Visitor.

ON THE ORIGIN OF WAR.

HOWEVER sanguine some authors may write in favor of war, it must be confessed by all to be a very destructive evil. We are informed that Cain murdered Abel, and from the prevalency of personal malice, as soon as property increased to any considerable degree, its owners not only protected their own,

but seized upon that of others. Possessions became the cause of envy, and dominions authorized their lords to be tyrants over the human race. Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord: he was of an ambitious spirit. Pharaoh oppressed not only his own subjects, but the people of God. The sin of mankind, no doubt, justly exposes them to war and bloodshed; for it is the truth, that if there were no sin, there would be no war. "From whence come wars and fightings among you—come they not hence of your lusts?" is the language of an apostle.

The pride of man is the chief origin of contention. Who should be the greatest, was the inquiry of different parties in their angry disputes.

A spirit of independency has produced the ruin of mankind; for individuals from private stations have arisen, and bid defiance to all others.

To acquire a name amongst men, is a great stimulus to bloodshed. How many hazard their lives to obtain the applause of mortals! and frequently it happens that they lose their lives at a very early period of their age—a monumental inscription is all that remains of their heroic deeds! A spirit of vain glory is never satisfied. Like Alexander, it weeps because it has no more of the human race to conquer. This disposition is generally productive of its own ruin; for ambition overshoots the boundaries of prudence, and, like a whirlpool, swallows up itself.

A spirit of revenge is the worst motive to continue hostilities: we have injured, and therefore it is right to do all the mischief we can to others! What a diabolical temper, and how unworthy the name of christians! Whereas the spirit of the gospel is to return good for evil. Christ says, "I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

It is very much to the purpose for me to introduce an extract from an eastern tale replete with instruction—it is the speech of a prime minister of state to an eastern monarch when led away by some of his courtiers from peace, to intend the horrors of war.

"O Abdumal, listen to the dictates of wisdom! The voice of mercy has been uttered by my lips, and thou art offended. The lust of conquest, founded on ambition, is a cruel and insatiable thirst of blood. But how inconsistent is man! I have mentioned the daily sacrifice of a single victim to this passion, and thou art struck with horror: but thine eyes have beamed with joy in the thoughts of a war, in which millions of thy fellow-creatures, and many of thy brethren, O Abdumal! must fall the victims of that savage passion. These thy courtiers and thy friends, who justly appeared shocked at the cruelty of daily bereaving a single father or a tender mother of the child of their hopes, propose, in the gaiety of their hearts, to strip ten thousand parents of their beloved offspring, to make ten thousand disconsolate widows, ten

thousand unhappy orphans, for thy daily diversion, and to cure thee of thy melancholy. Those who call me barbarian, for only desiring thee to stain thy lips with blood, would fill thy baths, and persuade thee to swim in the vital stream that must flow from the bosoms of thy friends, who now look up to thee as their common father, their lord, their guardian. They will not indeed die by thy hand ; but thou, O Abdumal ! will be the unjust cause of their destruction. The nations whom thou art thus to treat as thy enemies now revere thy virtues, but by stratagems, too big with horror to be repeated, are to be the innocent victims of thy ambition, and their blood, like the waters of the Nile in the Egyptian fields, is to overflow the land, and fatten it for thy possession. In fine, they propose as a remedy for thy languishing spirits the burning of cities and the rape of virgins : the sword, fire, and famine are to be let loose, and injustice and cruelty are to erect the trophies of thy victory. O Abdumal ! to what a monster would they transform thee ! What remedy is this for thy melancholy ? War is indeed the most dreadful scourge that can afflict mankind. It ought never to be undertaken but when the laws of nature and self-defence render it necessary, and then it ought to be carried on with the utmost vigor. Those who fall in the defence of their country and their native rights, resign their breath on the bed of honor ; victory then justly wreaths the laurel crown : and the sword should never be sheathed till the ambitious tyrant is humbled in the dust, till the blessings of

peace are secured, and the rights of mankind established on a basis solid and durable as that of the everlasting mountains."

*Handsworth,
April 9, 1803.*

T. M.

RURAL FELICITY;

WITH MEMOIRS OF MARCELLUS AND HIS LADY.

By the Rev. Mr. Graves.

THE ease and tranquillity commonly to be found in a country life, and the beauties of nature there only to be met with in their genuine simplicity, operate more forcibly on the imagination, and excite stronger wishes in the breast, when we are, by our situations in life, or other circumstances, deprived of them, than while we are in their actual enjoyment.

This is so true, that I have often thought Milton would not have painted the rural scenes of his *Paradise Lost* in such glowing colours if he had not been blind.

"The summer's morn, the pleasant villages and farms,"

with the nymphs and swains at their rural labour in the fields, had made a strong and pleasing impression on his youthful fancy, which remained fixed there, when the gloom of winter, the rainy seasons, and every thing unpleasant and disgusting was forgotten or lost in the

assemblage of more brilliant and more interesting ideas.

Hence proceeds that rage for retirement and country-houses so prevalent in many worthy citizens; who, notwithstanding the greater comforts and conveniencies to be found in an opulent city, are yet languishing, amidst the hurry of business and the clashing interests and competitions of trade, for the calm undisturbed repose of the country!

But let us attend one of these enthusiastic admirers of rural beauty, on a Saturday evening, at his villa or mimic cottage by the side of some common or public road. You will find him, instead of reposing under the shade of a spreading oak, with a book in his hand, or enjoying the cool breezes of the summer's evening, sitting, with a pipe in his mouth, in his little summer-house at the corner of his garden, and reading a newspaper, or enjoying the prospect, and the dust raised by his fellow-citizens, who, with the same restless spirit of migration from the city—

. . . . "Run,
The Lord knows whither, in their chaise and one."

POPE.

The Sunday of this recluse is a serious comedy, consisting of five acts—breakfast, dinner, and supper, an afternoon's nap, and a pipe in the evening; and on Monday morning he returns with equal impatience to the drudgery of business, as a refuge from the intolerable burthen of having nothing to do.

Men of business have undoubtedly the best plea for occasional intervals of relaxation and repose; but as these little spruce haberdashers have, probably, no resources in themselves, either of reading or reflection, to fill up the empty spaces inseparable from a country retirement, Cheapside or Newgate-street is the proper sphere of their existence.

Addressed to this prevailing fondness for a country life, an advertisement appeared in the London papers every spring, some years since, nearly in these words :

“ Ever studious of rural amusements, I took a walk as far as the Adam and Eve, on Turnham Green.” And what was the result of this rural excursion? Why, having met with some incomparable cheesecakes, some delicious Herefordshire cyder, and a pipe of the best Virginia tobacco, the public-spirited gentleman could not, in justice to this illustrious cake-house, withhold his due encomiums, or conceal from his friends such a magazine of good things, which he himself had so happily discovered and enjoyed.

“ I remember “ a party of pleasure,” consisting of some of the most respectable inhabitants of Bath, accompanied by a well-known doctor in divinity, who came to spend a day at a farmhouse, which commands one of the most delightful prospects in the environs of that beautiful city. As soon as dinner was ended, though in the midst of July, they shut up the parlour-windows, called for candles, and sat down to cards, till their postillion sent in word that it

was almost dark ; they then hurried down their tea, and returned home, entertaining their friends for a week after with the delightful day they had spent in the country !

In the more elevated ranks of life, the same fancied love of rural retirement, and the same inability to support it, too generally, I fear, prevails. Satiated and fatigued, perhaps, with the daily, or rather nightly repetition of the same scenes of folly and dissipation, or annoyed by the heat and dust of the metropolis, they fly from town to some equally crowded sea-port, or other place of fashionable resort, where they meet the same wretched votaries of pleasure, pursuing the same or similar modes of squandering their time, in quest of that happiness which eludes their pursuit, and which mere amusements, void of utility, can never afford to a thinking mind. Or if they vouchsafe to visit their country-seats for a month in the autumn, instead of exhilarating their country neighbours, or making glad the hearts of their tenants and dependants, they probably bring down with them their town associates, or some of those idle fungous excrescences of society, those "airy nothings, who, having no local habitations, or hardly a name," are proud to join in the suite of some *great man*, and even boast of the honor—to applaud his taste and improvements, to praise his claret, "laud the haunch," and sometimes, I fear, encourage, if not share his licentious amours.

Thus, too many of our great men, it is to be feared, enjoy the Arcadian scenes, which, per-

haps they have formed at a ruinous expense ; unconscious that any other human beings, more worthy, perhaps, than themselves, or their friends, exist around them.

Yet I should betray a narrowness of observation, and a very limited knowledge of the great world, were I to include even a majority of our nobility in this random censure. On the contrary, I am persuaded that some of the brightest examples of religion and virtue may be found amongst the higher ranks in this united kingdom, and to whom people in a lower sphere might look up and copy with advantage.

Marcellus is a young nobleman of high rank and ample fortune. He has had a virtuous and classical education in one of our universities, where he was distinguished by a regular application to the sciences and to polite literature. He is by no means deficient in political knowledge ; but as he has nothing to ask of administration, he keeps himself independent, and engages in no party : yet, when the opposition act systematically against the minister, and the business of government could not be carried on without a majority in parliament, Marcellus thinks it his duty sometimes to give his suffrage in their favor ; and to sacrifice his own private opinion when the expediency of a measure is only problematical, and though he may not be clearly convinced that it is the best that could possibly be adopted.

When his duty to the public will permit, he gladly embraces every opportunity of retiring to his country residence, where, in the society of

his amiable and accomplished lady, and a few friends, he enjoys all the felicity which conjugal affection and the ease and familiarity of friendship can supply.

Their mornings are dedicated partly to useful and amusing studies or domestic concerns, and partly to the exercise of taking extensive rides, and visiting whatever is curious and interesting, calling on their genteeler neighbours, or viewing their farms, and the cottages of the labourers, and inquiring into the state and improvements of the former, or the wants of the latter. The rest of the day is spent in the hospitable reception of those whose liberal education, or whose stations in life, though much inferior to their own, entitles them to such a reception; which the politeness and condescension of this amiable couple extends to the whole neighbourhood, and which must reconcile the fiercest democrat to the aristocracy.

As their rank and fortune gives them a powerful influence over their inferiors, they use their power in promoting virtue and industry among the lower classes, and submission to legal authority, which, in these times, is doing essential service to the public; in countenancing the sober and industrious, and admonishing and even rebuking the idle and extravagant; in relieving indigent merit and unmerited indigence, and the like charitable offices. In the discharge of these social and moral duties they find sufficient amusement to enliven their summer's retreat; while the consciousness of right conduct affords them the most heartfelt gratification,

and diffuses a cheerfulness over their minds, which, being free from any irregular or criminal passion, leave them open to the enjoyment of the beauties of nature, and the calm and unsophisticated pleasures of the country.

In short, in these rational and benevolent occupations, Marcellus and his lady are so far from finding their time a dead weight; or from sinking into an insipid listlessness, and becoming a prey to ennui, that they think their summer's recess much too short, and return with reluctance to the busy scenes and tumultuous pleasures (if such they may be called) which the capital supplies to the ambitious, the licentious, or to the giddy votaries, or other slaves of fashion.

DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

ON Wednesday morning, April 6, died, at his house in Piccadilly, in the 74th year of his age, the Right Hon. Sir William Hamilton, K. B. &c. &c. He was taken ill about a fortnight ago: he retained his faculties to the last, and died without a groan.—Sir William was a man of most extraordinary endowments, and his memory will be dear to the literary world by the indefatigable exertions which he made through life to add to our stock of knowledge and of models in the fine arts: his whole life indeed was devoted to studies connected with the arts, and he made every interest contribute to the passion of his soul. He was the foster-brother of his present majesty, which laid

the foundation of that gracious attachment and friendship with which he was honored, by the king through the whole of his public service. By that immediate protection he procured the favorite appointment of minister at the court of Naples, which he enjoyed with the uninterrupted approbation of the two courts for thirty-six years, and which he would not change for more lucrative situations: during all this time, we need not enumerate the zealous and successful efforts that he made in bringing to light the buried treasures of antiquity, and in promoting a just and correct taste in the arts, by making known in his works the specimens of the pure and chaste stile of the classic æra that he had discovered. He was equally active and successful in the duties of his appointment. He maintained the most perfect harmony between the two courts, at a period when it required all his influence and address to counteract the designs of those who had an interest in a breach of the amity that so happily subsisted. And the English nobility and gentry who travelled into Italy, speak with the warmest acknowledgments of the splendid hospitality with which he represented his sovereign.—About twelve years ago he married Lady Hamilton, and never was a union productive of greater happiness. Sir William's death seems to have entirely proceeded from a decay of nature, and not from any chronic or acute disease. He was attended in his dying moments by his friend, Lord Nelson, with the most affectionate assiduity and concern.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

SOLUTIONS.

Answered by a Correspondent.

ENIGMA in No. 10.—A Tear.

ANSWER TO REBUS ON A GOOD HUSBAND,

(Given in our last Number.)

IN chusing a husband, the man to my Mind
Must be sensible, gentle, benevolent, Kind;
Of a temper quite firm, yet devoid of self-Will,
If on good has resolv'd, pursuing it Still.
Of a spirit so great as to keep out of Debt,
And at troubles unsought-for, disdaining to Fret.
I'd have him be lively, yet not void of Thinking;
He must gaming detest, and must not love Drink-
ing;
With a heart to enjoy what his hands may have Got,
Contented and cheerful whatever our Lot.
I'd have him esteem'd by the good and the Wise;
Not a 'man of the world,' tho' striving to Rise.
He must love me too well at small errors to Frown,
With a friend at our table sit happily Down;
And would spend all the hours not devoted to La-
bour,
With his Nancy, in serving his God and his Neigh-
bour.

Priory-row, Coventry,

W. S—N.

April 7, 1803.

ENIGMA FOR SOLUTION.

'Tho' unknown to all senses, except to the sight,
Yet existence I claim by excluding the light.

MR. HAYLEY'S LIFE OF COWPER.

(Continued from page 262.)

WE shall, in the present number, give our readers a specimen of this celebrated poet's epistolary style of writing, as well as of his poetical abilities. He was the son of a clergyman, and born at Barkhamstead, Nov. 19, 1773; he received his education at Westminster school, and was destined to the law, but (according to his own colloquial account) "rambled from the thorny road of his austere patroness, jurisprudence, into the primrose paths of literature and poetry." An epitome of this great man's life is contained in the following sketch of himself.

Speaking of his own early life, in a letter to Mr. Park (dated March, 1792), Cowper says, with that extreme modesty, which was one of his most remarkable characteristics, "From the age of twenty to thirty-three, I was occupied, or ought to have been, in the study of the law; from thirty-three to sixty, I have spent my time in the country, where my reading has been only an apology for idleness, and where, when I had not either a magazine or a review, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others a bird-cage maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landscapes. At fifty years of age I commenced an author—it is a whim that has served me longest and best, and will probably be my last."

Of his early exercises in poetry, take the two following specimens—they are worthy of preservation: the first is an extract from an Ode written when he was very young,

ON READING SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

To rescue from the tyrant's sword
The oppress'd ;—unseen and unimplor'd,
To cheer the voice of woe ;
From lawless insult to defend
An orphan's right, a fallen friend,
And a forgiven foe :

These, these distinguish from the crowd,
And these alone the great and good,
The guardians of mankind ;
Whose bosoms with these virtues heave,
O, with what matchless speed they leave
The multitude behind !

Then ask ye from what cause on earth
Virtues like these derive their birth ?
Deriv'd from Heaven alone !
Full on that favor'd breast they shine,
Where faith and resignation join
To call the blessing down.

Such is that heart ;—but while the muse
Thy theme, O Richardson, pursues,
Her feeble spirits faint ;
She cannot reach, and would not wrong
That subject for an angel's song,
The hero and the saint.

VERSES WRITTEN AT BATH,

On finding the Heel of a Shoe.

Fortune, I thank thee ; gentle goddess, thanks !
Not that my muse, tho' bashful, shall deny
She would have thank'd thee rather hadst thou cast
A treasure in her way ; for neither meed
Of early breakfast, to dispel the fumes
And bowel-racking pains of emptiness,
Nor noon-tide feast, nor evening's cool repast,
Hopes she from this, presumptuous, tho' perhaps
The cobbler, leather-carving artist, might.
Nathless she thanks thee, and accepts thy boon,
Whatever ; not as erst the fabled cock,
Vain-glorious fool ! unknowing what he found,
Spurn'd the rich gem thou gav'st him. Wherefore,
ah !

Why not on me that favor (worthier sure)
Confer'dst thou, goddess ?—Thou art blind, thou
say'st :
Enough—thy blindness shall excuse the deed.

Nor does my muse no benefit exhale
From this thy scant indulgence !—even here
Hints, worthy sage philosophy, are found,
Illustrious hints, to moralize my song.
This pond'rous heel of perforated hide,
Compact, with pegs indented, many a row,
Haply (for such its massy form bespeaks)
The weighty treat of some rude peasant clown
Upbore : on this supported, oft he stretch'd,
With uncouth strides, along the furrow'd glebe,
Flatt'ning the stubborn clod, till cruel time
(What will not cruel time ?) on a wry step,
Sever'd the strict cohesion ; when, alas !
He who could erst with even equal pace
Pursue his destin'd way, with symmetry,
And some proportion form'd, now on one side

Curtail'd and maim'd, the sport of vagrant boys,
Cursing his frail supporter, treacherous prop !
With toilsome steps, and difficult, moves on.
Thus fares it oft with other than the feet
Of humble villager : the statesman thus,
Up the steep road where proud ambition leads,
Aspiring first, uninterrupted winds
His prosp'rous way ; nor fears miscarriage foul
While policy prevails and friends prove true ;
But that support soon failing, by him left
On whom he most depended, basely left,
Betray'd, deserted, from his airy height
Headlong he falls, and thro' the rest of life
Drags the dull load of disappointment on.

The means by which Mr. Cowper quitted the profession of the law are thus stated by his biographer :

Though extreme diffidence, and a tendency to despond, seemed early to preclude Cowper from the expectation of climbing to the splendid summit of the profession he had chosen, yet, by the interest of his family, he had prospects of emolument in a line of public life that appeared better suited to the modesty of his nature and to his moderate ambition.

In his thirty-first year, he was nominated to the offices of reading-clerk and clerk of the private committees in the house of lords—a situation the more desirable, as such an establishment might enable him to marry early in life ; a measure to which he was doubly disposed by judgment and inclination. But the peculiarities of his wonderful mind rendered him unable to support the ordinary duties of his office : for

the idea of reading in public proved a source of torture to his tender and apprehensive spirit. An expedient was devised to promote his interest without wounding his feelings. Resigning his situation of reading-clerk, he was appointed clerk of the journals in the same house of parliament, with a hope, that his personal appearance in that assembly might not be required; but a parliamentary dispute made it necessary for him to appear at the bar of the house of lords, to entitle him publicly to the office.

Speaking of this important incident in a sketch which he once formed himself, of passages in his early life, he expresses what he endured at the time in these remarkable words: "They whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation—others can have none."

His terrors on this occasion arose to such an height that they utterly overwhelmed his reason; for although he had endeavoured to prepare himself for his public duty, by attending closely at the office for several months, to examine the parliamentary journals, his application was rendered useless by that excess of diffidence, which made him conceive that whatever knowledge he might previously acquire, it would all forsake him at the bar of the house. This distressing apprehension increased to such a degree, as the time for his appearance approached, that when the day so anxiously dreaded arrived, he was unable to make the experiment. The very friends who called on

him, for the purpose of attending him to the house of lords, acquiesced in the cruel necessity of his relinquishing the prospect of a station so severely formidable to a frame of such singular sensibility.

The conflict (continues Mr. Hayley) between the wishes of just affectionate ambition and the terrors of diffidence so entirely overwhelmed his health and faculties, that after two learned and benevolent divines (Mr. John Cowper, his brother, and the celebrated Mr. Martin Madan, his first cousin) had vainly endeavoured to establish a lasting tranquillity in his mind, by friendly and religious conversation, it was found necessary to remove him to St. Alban's, where he resided a considerable time, under the care of that eminent physician, Dr. Cotton, a scholar and a poet, who added to many accomplishments a peculiar sweetness of manners, in very advanced life, when I had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him.

The misfortune of mental derangement is a topic of such awful delicacy, that I consider it as the duty of a biographer rather to sink, in tender silence, than to proclaim, with circumstantial and offensive temerity, the minute particulars of a calamity to which all human beings are exposed, and perhaps in proportion as they have received from nature those delightful but dangerous gifts—a heart of exquisite sensibility and a mind of creative energy.

His religious despondency being removed by Dr. Cotton, at St. Alban's, a circumstance

somewhat singular took place, which determined the future complexion of his life.

In June, 1765, the reviving invalid removed to a private lodging in the town of Huntingdon; but Providence soon introduced him into a family which afforded him one of the most singular and valuable friends that ever watched an afflicted mortal, in seasons of overwhelming adversity—that friend to whom the poet exclaims in the commencement of the Task :

And witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm, this twentieth winter, I perceive
Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love,
Confirmed by long experience of thy worth
And well tried virtues, could alone inspire;
Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long!
'Thou know'st my praise of nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjur'd up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all!

These verses would be alone sufficient to make every poetical reader take a lively interest in the lady they describe; but these are far from being the only tribute which the gratitude of Cowper has paid to the endearing virtues of his female companion. More poetical memorials of her merit will be found in his Works, and in verses so exquisite, that it may be questioned if the most passionate lover ever gave rise to poetry more tender and sublime.

Yet, in this place, it appears proper to apprise the reader, that it was not love, in the common acceptation of the word, which inspir-

ed these admirable eulogies: the attachment of Cowper to Mrs. Unwin (the *Mary* of the poet) was an attachment perhaps unparalleled; their domestic union, though not sanctioned by the common forms of life, was supported with perfect innocence, and endeared to them both by their having struggled together through a series of sorrow. A spectator of sensibility, who had contemplated the uncommon tenderness of their attention to the wants and infirmities of each other in the decline of life, might have said of their singular attachment—

“ L’amour n’a rien de si tendre,
Ni l’amitié de si doux.”

As a connexion so extraordinary forms a striking feature in the history of the poet, the reader will probably be anxious to investigate its origin and progress.—It arose from the following little incident.

The countenance and deportment of Cowper, though they indicated his native shyness, had yet very singular powers of attraction. On his first appearance in one of the churches at Huntingdon, he engaged the notice and respect of an amiable young man, Wm. Cawthorne Unwin, then a student at Cambridge, who having observed, after divine service, that the interesting stranger was taking a solitary turn under a row of trees, was irresistibly led to share his walk, and to solicit his acquaintance.

They were soon pleased with each other, and the intelligent youth, charmed with the acquisition of such a friend, was eager to commu-

nicate the treasure to his parents, who had long resided in Huntingdon.

Mr. Unwin, the father, had for some years been master of a free-school in the town ; but, as he advanced in life, he quitted that laborious situation, and settling in a large convenient house in the High-street, contented himself with a few domestic pupils, whom he instructed in classical literature.

This worthy divine who was now far advanced in years, had been lecturer to the two churches in Huntingdon, before he obtained, from his college at Cambridge, the living of Grimston. While he lived in expectation of this preferment, he had attached himself to a young lady of lively talents, and remarkably fond of reading. This lady, who, in the process of time, and by a series of singular events, became the friend and guardian of Cowper, was the daughter of Mr. Cawthorne, a draper in Ely. She was married to Mr. Unwin on his succeeding to the preferment that he expected from his college, and settled with him on his living of Grimston, but, not liking the situation and society of that sequestered scene, she prevailed on her husband to establish himself in the town of Huntingdon, where he was known and respected.

They had resided there many years, and with their two only children, a son and a daughter (whom I remember to have noticed at Cambridge, in the year 1763, as a youth and damsel of countenances uncommonly pleasing), they

formed a chearful and social family, when the younger Unwin, described by Cowper as

A friend,
Whose worth deserves the warmest lay
That ever friendship penn'd,

presented to his parents the solitary stranger, on whose retirement he had benevolently intruded, and whose welfare he became more and more anxious to promote. An event highly pleasing and comfortable to Cowper soon followed this introduction: he was affectionately solicited by all the Unwins to relinquish his lonely lodging, and become a part of their family.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL LETTERS,
LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

NO. 4.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

MY communication last month could not fail to be acceptable to you; and as you expressed satisfaction at receiving it, I take the liberty of transmitting to you two other original letters, which have never appeared in print. They are written by persons of very different dispositions and with very different prospects; but as the name of each is so well known in the world, surely no apology is necessary. I have

made it my study to procure manuscript letters, and other curiosities of that kind, and shall probably have it in my power to offer you other communications of this sort. As I am aware that you are desirous of such as have a good tendency, and as I do most perfectly agree with you in sentiments in every respect, I should wish to contribute such assistance as I am able towards the promotion of the credit and respectability of so liberal and unprejudiced a work.— I am promised a copy of a beautiful little poem, which I hope to be able to transmit to you in due time.

I remain, gentlemen,
Your's, &c.

Oxford,

ANTIQUARIUS.

April 12, 1803.

*From Mr. Robert Lloyd (the Poet) to the
Rev. Mr. H.*

DEAR SIR,

AFTER your very friendly letter, I must own myself very guilty in my delay of an answer: you will consider my situation,* and the spirits I must necessarily have under it; however they may appear to my visitors, I feel them in myself to be only affected, for complicated reasons in regard to self and friends much overwhelm me. You will not expect a frank,

* It is more than probable that Mr. Lloyd was at this time in the Fleet prison.

for Wilkes is undone : you feel for a friend in distress, and judge of my sensations from your own. I am very sorry to hear Mrs. H. has been so ill, to whom I most heartily wish a thorough recovery. Leach tells me you talk of the old ale-cask—never could it come more opportunely ; and whenever you do send it, only direct it for me at the inn till called for, and give me notice, that I may have the myrmidons in proper time to convey it hither. We are all here in much consternation—such strides towards arbitrary decisions are dreadful ; and I fear the licentiousness of the press will endanger the liberty of it, and when that is lost, what remains?—

I am, dear Sir, in all situations and at all times,

Your's unfeignedly and gratefully,

Feb. 24, 1764.

R. T. LLOYD.

P. S. Direct to me at Mr. Kearsley's, bookseller, opposite St Martin's church, Ludgate-street.

*From Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe to Mrs. Stokes, near
Beverley, in Yorkshire*

MY DEAR MADAM,

London. April 3.

WHEN I make a promise, I always do my best to fulfil it as punctually as I am able. I fear, however, that in this instance I have somewhat deviated from my general rule. You have expected an account of me, I am aware,

for some time, and I am sincerely sorry if my neglect has been the cause of any anxiety or disappointment to one who is always so near my heart. I am sure your candor will allow for my situation and circumstances; and when I tell you that I am, comparatively speaking, very little in the habit of writing letters now to what I was some time back, I am persuaded you will make all necessary allowances.

I was extremely gratified to hear, by your son, who did me the favor to call here about a month ago, that you are enjoying so good a state of health. The captain was in such great haste that I had not time to write you a longer letter, and was only able to send you my wishes and prayers for your welfare. It is a peculiar pleasure to me to hear that the Rev. Mr. G. (whom you say you have an opportunity of hearing so frequently) is so sincere and faithful a minister. May you every day experience more and more the operation of divine grace upon your soul! and may you, as you are drawing nearer to it every succeeding day, become daily more fit for that world of spirits into which we are all about to enter!

How little my present situation is congenial to my views and wishes, you will easily imagine. However, it is probable that we shall have removed from hence before another fortnight has expired. I am now, by the blessing of God, perfectly recovered from that indisposition which you so obligingly are anxious about; and, what is more, I can say, that I enjoy that "peace of God which passeth all understand-

ing." However placidly a person may glide down the stream of life—few as may be the disappointments and crosses which one may meet with—yet it is impossible that this sea of troubles should prove to any one so calm and serene as that a certain mixture of anxiety and bitterness should not be infused in some occurrences or other. Various are the degrees of happiness and sorrow to each individual: but even to the most fortunate and happy it is fated that some portion of sorrow and pain should be allotted. And how wisely is this ordered by our great Creator and Benefactor, who, at the same time that he bestows upon us the good things of this life, and gives us richly of all things to enjoy, takes care in a proper degree to wean our desires and affections from this earthly scene, and to give us an opportunity of raising them to that world where all is sunshine, where all tears are wiped from all eyes, and where sin and sorrow are heard of no more.

Great is the happiness which I receive at hearing of the serious views of your beloved Mary. O that it may please God to lead her on in the steps of her virtuous parent to those fountains of joy which spring from religion!—That our heavenly Father may continue to vouchsafe his blessing for many happy years to you and yours, is constantly the petition put up at the throne of grace by

Your most affectionate friend,

ELIZ. ROWE.

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF
APPARENT DEATH.

Extracted from a "Dictionary of the Wonders of Nature,"
just published.

FROM this very interesting publication, which contains in a small compass a vast fund of information for the inquisitive mind, we shall lay before our readers a few articles under this head.

This is a state of lethargy carried to the 7th degree; a state of apoplexy sufficient to deceive people the most skilful and best informed: and so much the more distressing is it, as in the ordinary way of life we are in haste to disengage ourselves as soon as possible from the sight of a dead body. In consequence of this dispatch, how many persons have been, and still continue daily to be the wretched victims of this barbarous practice. Amidst the multitude of examples which we could produce of this kind of apparent death, we shall select the most striking. The desire of being useful to humanity; and of inspiring a distrust of our own judgment with respect to persons in all appearance dead, we shall insert the following incontestible facts concerning persons who have been actually interred alive.

In 1772, a girl in Vivarais, named Marianne Olivonne, was subject for three years to a distemper as singular as incomprehensible, which regularly attacked her on the 1st of March, and

terminated on the 19th of the same month about midnight. As she was aware of this periodical crisis, she prepared herself for it accordingly some days before. She went to bed, fell asleep, and continued immoveable as in a state of death. Her arms and her legs grew stiff, her eye-lids became closed, her teeth were locked so as that it was impossible to open her mouth, and she retained no other signs of life than a motion in her eyelids that was almost imperceptible, and the smallest tint of redness in her cheeks. Her pulse was nearly fixed. For nineteen days she neither ate nor drank, neither did her body suffer any waste, not even by perspiration. She was not possessed of the smallest degree of feeling: pins were even stuck in her legs and thighs, nor could she in the least perceive the violence. She was sensible of no pain succeeding these attempts to recal her, until the moment in which she awoke from her lethargy on the 19th of March at midnight.

This girl was born of poor parents, and was 15 years of age when this account was first taken. Her whole sustenance consisted of some fresh fruits. A suspicion of fraud with respect to her malady had once arisen, but the lord of the place, and several other persons of consideration, caused her to be watched night and day, and have confirmed the report of her using no aliment. However singular might be the state of this girl, it was by no means equivocal, and there certainly was no danger of her friends confounding it with a state of real death.

But this is not the case with every other kind of lethargy, particularly if it succeeds to any dangerous indisposition: thus a number of instances have been found of persons supposed really dead, who nevertheless were only in a state of lethargy from which it was found impossible to recal them, either in administering suitable relief, or of abandoning them to the operations of nature. We have often been told with certainty of persons taken for dead who have risen from their winding-sheets, their coffins, or their tombs. It is equally certain that persons interred with too much precipitation have met with certain death only in their graves. Incontestible facts prove likewise that bodies given too hastily to the anatomical knife have manifested by their cries certain marks of life, as soon as they have felt the edge of the instrument, to the eternal shame of the imprudent anatomist who charged himself with the melancholy operation.

Peter Zacchias, a celebrated physician of Rome, relates the following appropriate story. There was a young man in the hospital of the Holy Ghost, who, being attacked with the plague, from the violence of his distemper fell into so perfect a syncope as to be imagined dead. His body was placed among those who, having died of the same malady, were waiting for interment. Whilst these carcases were transporting across the Tyber in a bark destined for this office, the young man exhibited some signs of life, upon which he was immediately carried back to the hospital, where he recover-

ed. Two days afterwards, however, he relapsed into a like syncope, and his body was once more numbered with the dead, was again transported across the Tyber for burial. Again, however, he came to himself; new cares were bestowed upon him, and the assistance of suitable remedies not only completely restored him to life, but even cured him so completely, that he lived for many years afterwards.

The following story is related by a person who saw the monument which is mentioned in the course of it.

The heroine of this event was named Retchmuth Adoleh. She was the wife of a consul of Cologne, and was reputed to have died of a plague that destroyed the greatest part of the inhabitants of that city. She was consequently interred, in the year 1571, and a ring of great value was suffered to remain on her finger, which tempted the cupidity of the grave-digger. The night was the time that he pitched upon for his plunder. At the very moment of his attempt the lady came to herself, and lived to be the mother of three children, who all became ecclesiastics. After her decease, she was buried near the door of the same church, in a monument which is thus superficially described. A large tablet was erected over the sepulchre, where the fact is pourtrayed by the chisel of the artist, and depicted likewise in German verse.

The above story calls to our mind a more modern one, which relates to the wife of a goldsmith of Poitiers. This woman was buried

with four gold rings on her finger, agreeable to her request previous to her supposed death. A poor man of the neighbourhood, hearing of this circumstance, dug up the corpse, that he might possess himself of the rings : not being able, however, to pull them off without using some degree of violence, he awoke the woman in attempting it. She called out, and complained of being hurt. The affrighted robber fled, and the woman recovered from her fit of apoplexy, came out of her coffin, which by this daring depredation was happily open, and returned to her own home. In a few days she was completely re-established. She lived several years after this singular event, and bore her husband children, who followed their father's profession.

The following account of a resurrection is extracted from the 8th volume of the *Causes Célèbres*, and was the subject of a serious lawsuit : we shall only, however, give an abridgment of it, but sufficient to bring in view the principal circumstances of this memorable event.

Two men in trade, who lived in the street St. Honoré in Paris, nearly equal in circumstances, both following the same profession and united in the closest friendship, had each of them a child much about the same age, the one a boy, the other a girl. These children were brought up together, and conceived a mutual attachment, which ripening with years into a stronger and more lively sentiment, was approved of by the parents on both sides. This young couple was upon the point of being made

happy by a more solid union, when a rich financier, conceiving a passion for the young maiden, unfortunately crossed their inclinations by demanding her in marriage. The allurements of a more splendid fortune seduced her father and mother, notwithstanding their daughter's repugnance to consent to the change. To their instances, however, she was obliged to yield, and sacrificed her affections by becoming the wife of the financier. Like a woman of virtue, she forbade her earlier lover the house. A fit of melancholy, the consequence of this violence done to her inclinations by entering into an engagement of interest, brought on a malady which so far benumbed her faculties, that she was reputed to have died, and was accordingly buried. The lover soon became informed of the doleful end of his mistress. He recollected, however, that she was formerly attacked with a violent lethargy; he flattered himself that he might possibly find her again in the same situation. This idea not only suspended his grief, but prompted him to the measure of bribing the grave-digger, by whose aid he dug up the body in the night time, and conveyed it home. He then used every means for recalling her to life, and was overjoyed on discovering that his cares were not ineffectual.

It is easy to conceive the surprise of the young woman on her resuscitation, when she found herself in a strange house, and, as it were, in the arms of her lover, who informed her of what had taken place on her account.—She then comprehended the extent of her obli-

gation to her deliverer, and love, more pathetic still than all his persuasions to unite their destinies, determined her, on her recovery, to escape with him into England; here they lived for some years in the closest union.

At the end of 10 years they conceived the natural wish of revisiting their own country, and at length returned to Paris, where they took no precaution whatever of concealing themselves, being persuaded that no suspicion would attach to their arrival. It happened by chance that the financier met his wife in one of the public walks. The sight of her made so strong an impression on him, that the persuasion of her death could not efface it. He contrived it so as to join her, and notwithstanding the language which she used to impose upon him, he left her with the conviction that he was not deceived.

The strangeness of this event gave more charms to the woman in the eyes of her former husband, than she had for him before. He acted with such address, that he discovered her abode, notwithstanding all her precautions, and reclaimed her with all the regular formalities of justice.

It was in vain that the lover maintained the right which his cares for his mistress gave him to the possession of her: that he represented her inevitable death, but for him: that his adversary divested himself of all his own rights in causing her to be buried: that he ought even to be accused of homicide, for want of having taken proper precautions to assure himself of

her death, and a thousand other ingenious reasons which love suggested to him. He found that the judicial ear was unfavorable, and not thinking it expedient to wait the result of a definitive judgment, he fled with his mistress into a foreign country, where they passed the remainder of their days without further molestation.

Thus it appears, from what has been stated, that apparent death often carries with it the exterior characters of real death ; that men of the faculty may be deceived, and much more so those who are less instructed : hence it follows, therefore, that for the good of humanity it is indispensable that a regulation should be adopted, which would save us from the dreadful horrors of so cruel an event.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Writings of the late Dr. John Moore.

BASIL

IS larger than any town in Switzerland. The inhabitants seem to be uncommonly afraid of thieves, most of the windows being guarded by iron bars or grates, like those of convents or prisons.

At the lower end of many windows projecting toward the street there is a round glass of about half a foot diameter in the middle ; people within, without being seen, sit at the window, and thus amuse themselves by looking at

the passengers. They are mostly occupied by the ladies.

The inhabitants of Basil seem to be of a reserved and saturnine disposition. They are uncommonly serious and formal in their manner.

The library is much esteemed, and reckoned particularly rich in manuscripts.

At the arsenal is shown the armour in which Charles Duke of Burgundy was killed.

In the town-house is a famous painting, supposed to have been executed under the auspices of the famous council which sat so many years, and voted so intrepidly against the pope. In this piece the devil is represented driving the pope and several ecclesiastics before him to Hell.

Here are many pictures of Hans Holbens, a native of that town. The most admired of all his works is a suite of small pieces in different compartments, representing the passions and sufferings of our Saviour. In these the colours remain with wonderful vivacity.

The colours of Holben's Death's Dance, represented upon the walls of a dismal gallery, have long been exposed to the air, are now quite faded. That can scarcely be regretted, for the plan of the piece is so wretched, that the finest execution could hardly prevent it from giving disgust.

In this city all the clocks are an hour advanced. This singularity is of three or four hundred years standing, and what is as singular

as the custom itself, the origin of it is not known.

The most popular story is, that, about 400 years ago, the city was threatened with an assault at sun-rise. The artist who had the care of the large clock of the tower, having heard that the attack was to begin when it should strike one after midnight, caused it to be altered, and it struck two instead of one; thinking they were an hour too late, the enemy gave up the attempt; and in commemoration of this deliverance the clock has ever since been kept an hour on advance.

TRAINEAU PARTIES

MAY be reckoned among the winter amusements of Germany. These can take place in the time of frost only, and when there is a considerable quantity of snow upon the ground.

A traineau is a machine in the shape of a horse, lion, swan, or in that of a griffin, unicorn, or in some other fanciful form, without wheels, but made below like a sledge, for the convenience of sliding over the snow. Some are gilded, and otherwise ornamented, according to the whim of the proprietor. A pole stands up from one side, to which an ensign or flag is fastened, which waves over the heads of those placed on the machine. The lady, wrapped in fur, sits before, and the gentleman stands behind on a board made for that purpose.

The whole is drawn by two horses, which is either conducted by a postillion, or driven by

the gentleman. The horses are gaudily ornamented, and have bells hanging from the trappings which cover them.

The party consists generally of many traineaux, each attended by two or three servants on horseback with flambeaux.—This amusement is taken when it begins to grow dark.—One traineau takes the lead, the rest follow at a convenient distance in a line, and drive for two or three hours through the principal streets or squares of the town. The horses go at a brisk rate. The motion of the traineau is easy and agreeable; and the bells, ensigns, and torches make a very gay and showy appearance.

SWISS PEASANTS.

THEY are the tallest and most robust I have ever seen. Their dress is very particular:—they have little round hats, like those worn by the Dutch skippers; their coats and waistcoats are all of a kind of coarse black cloth; their breeches are made of linen, something like sailors' trowsers, but drawn together in plaits below the knees; and the stockings are of the same stuff with the breeches.

The women wear short jackets, with a great superfluity of buttons. The unmarried women value themselves on the length of their hair, which they separate into two divisions, and allow to hang at its full length, braided with ribbands in the rantillie fashion. After marriage, these tresses are no longer permitted to hang

down, being twisted round the head in spiral lines, they are fixed at the crown with large silver pins.

Married and unmarried wear straw hats, ornamented with black ribbands. So far the women's dress is becoming enough. But they have an awkward manner of fixing their petticoat so high as to leave hardly any waist. This encroachment of the petticoat upon the waist mightily deforms the appearance of the whole person. The elegant figure of the Venus de Medicis would be annihilated under such a preposterous load of dress.

ST. PETER'S AT ROME AND ST. PAUL'S IN LONDON.

THE church of St. Peter's at Rome, in the opinion of many, surpasses in size and magnificence the finest monuments of ancient architecture.

All who have seen St. Paul's in London may, by an enlargement of its dimensions, form some idea of the external appearance of St. Peter's. But the resemblance fails entirely on comparing them within; St. Peter's being lined in many parts with the most precious and beautiful marble, adorned with valuable pictures, and all the powers of sculpture.

The approach to St. Peter's church excels that to St. Paul's in a still greater proportion than the former surpasses the latter either in size or in the richness and the beauty of the internal ornaments.

The facade of this celebrated church is not equal in elegance and beauty to the rest of the building. Every impartial judge will acknowledge that the front of St. Peter's is in those particulars inferior to that of our St. Paul's.

PARALLEL BETWEEN MEN AND ANIMALS.

UPON a just estimation, the internal faculties of the most intelligent of the brute creation will be found at a prodigious distance beneath those of men.

There is no æra of greater brightness than another in the history of any animal but man; all, from the earliest records of time to the present moment, is one uniform period of far greater darkness than any recorded in the annals of mankind.

If it is urged, that there may have been some unrecorded æra of human society, wherein men were in a state of equal darkness, it must be allowed that they have emerged out of it, which equally proves the great superiority of their nature.

Speech, that wonderful faculty by which men convey to each other every emotion of their heart and every idea of their mind, is natural to all the human race, even to the most uncultivated negro and savage, but is unknown to the wisest of all other animals. Is this owing to a defect in the organs of speech?—No. In some animals these organs seem sufficiently capable of it, and some have been taught to pronounce

sentences, but none to understand what they pronounced; for language implies a series of connected ideas superior to what any animal but man seems able to attain.

How comes it, that with so much sagacity and reflection, as some people contend some animals possess, the strongest and shrewdest among them have not made the weaker and less intelligent subservient to their use? How comes it that the most uncultivated of the human species have, from the beginning of time, made the most powerful and knowing of the brute creation subservient to theirs? If, by his external form, man has some advantages over them, by forming an alliance, they might soon over-balance this, and free themselves from subjection. What human force could stand against an allied army of lions, elephants, and eagles, if they had judgment to use their superior powers?

Even attention to their young, the most universal and most amiable part of the character of irrational animals, seems independent of sentiment and reflection, and to proceed from the blind impulse which prompts them to the choice of plants in sickness, to accumulate provisions, and build cells; for after a short period those young are entirely neglected, and no trace of affection, or the smallest tender recollection, seems any longer to subsist between the parent and the child.

How different is this from the sensations of the human species, where the father and mother feel their youth restored and their exist-

ence multiplied in their children; who encourage their exertions, and support them under disappointments; whose chief happiness depends on the prosperity of their offspring, and who feel the approach of age without sadness, while the evening of their lives is brightened by the rising reputation of their children.

Thus, when we turn our reflections to the reasoning faculties of man, and the endowments of the human soul, the distance between this and the highest intelligence of any other animal is infinite.

The only advantage that other animals can be supposed to have over man is, that being excluded by their nature from all mental enjoyments, they are also secured from all the pains and disquietudes that proceed from the same source; but to acquire an exemption from disquietude, at the expence of being equally exempted from all the delicate feelings of the mind and affections of the heart, is a purchase which I hope no honest mind will ever be willing to make.*

* An ingenious lady, Mrs. Greville, in a celebrated Ode to Indifference, seems, however, desirous of the exchange; but the most scrupulous observers of truth on other occasions are permitted to be insincere in poetry.

NATURE OF POETRY.

EXPLAINED BY LORD BACON.

POETRY is a kind of learning generally confined to the measure of words, but otherwise extremely licentious, and truly belonging to the imagination, which, being unrestrained by laws, may make what unnatural mixtures and separations it pleases. It is taken in two senses, or with respect to words and matter: the first is but a character of style, and a certain form of speech, not relating to words—for a true narration may be delivered in verse, and a feigned one in prose;* but the second is a capital part of learning, and no other than feigned history. And here (as in our divisions we endeavour to find and trace the true sources of learning, and this frequently without giving way to custom or the established order) we shall take no particular notice of satire, elegy, epigram, ode, &c. but turn them over to philosophy and the arts of speech, and under the name of poetry, treat nothing more than imaginary history.

The justest division of poetry, except what it shares in common with history (which has its feigned chronicles, feigned lives, and feigned relations), is 1. into narrative, 2. dramatic, and

* Thus Lucan's *Pharsalia*, and Blackmore's *Creation*, are true histories in verse; and *Telemachus*, and the *Travels of Cyrus*, feigned histories in prose.

3. allegorical. Narrative poetry is such an exact imitation of history, as to deceive, did it not often carry things beyond probability. Dramatic poetry is a kind of visible history, giving the images of things as if they were present; whilst history represents them as past. But allegorical poetry is history with its type, which represents intellectual things to the senses.

Narrative poetry, otherwise called heroic poetry, seems, with regard to its matter, not the versification, raised upon a noble foundation, as having a principal regard to the dignity of human nature.* For as the active world is inferior to the rational soul, so poetry gives that to mankind which history denies, and in some measure satisfies the mind with shadows when it cannot enjoy the substance.† For upon a narrow inspection, poetry strongly shews that a greater grandeur of things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety is pleasing to the mind, than can any where be found in nature, after the fall. So that as the actions and events, which are the subjects of true history, have not that grandeur which satisfies the mind, poetry steps in, and feigns more heroical actions. And as real history gives us not the suc-

* Upon this head consult the judicious French critic, Bossu du Poëme Epique.

† Hence the extreme pleasure we receive in reading the origin of the world, the revolutions and transactions of heaven, earth, and hell, the history and fate of our first parents, the description of Paradise, &c, in Milton's Paradise Lost.

cess of things according to the deserts of virtue and vice, poetry corrects it, and presents us with the fates and fortunes of persons rewarded or punished according to merit. And as real history disgusts us with a familiar and constant similitude of things, poetry relieves us by unexpected turns and changes, and thus not only delights, but inculcates morality and nobleness of soul; whence it may be justly esteemed of a divine nature, as it raises the mind, by accommodating the images of things to our desires, and not, like history and reason, subjecting the mind to things.* And by these charms and congruity to the mind, with the assistance also of music, which conveys it the sweeter, it makes its own way, so as to have been in high esteem in the most ignorant ages and among the most barbarous people, whilst other kinds of learning were utterly excluded.†

Dramatic poetry, which has the theatre for its world, would be of excellent use, if it were

* Which intimates another species of historical poetry, viz. the physical: as that of Lucretius, which describes the System of the World, upon the principles of Epicurus; and that of Sir Richard Blackmore upon the footing of the modern philosophy.

† Thus in the origin of nations we find the first thing studied is generally language and poetry, for the sake, as it should seem, of their great influence in governing the uncultivated minds of men, and the use they are of in transmitting down history and antiquities to posterity.

sound, for the discipline and corruption of the theatre is of very great consequence. And the corruptions of this kind are numerous in our times, but the regulation quite neglected.* The action of the theatre, though modern states esteem it but ludicrous, unless it be satirical and biting, was carefully watched by the ancients, that it might improve mankind in virtue; and indeed many wise men and great philosophers have thought it to the mind as the bow to the fiddle;† and certain it is, though a great secret in nature, that the minds of men in company are more open to affections and impressions than when alone.

But allegorical poetry excels the others, and appears a solemn sacred thing which religion itself generally makes use of, to preserve an intercourse between divine and human things. Yet this also is corrupted, by a levity and indulgence of genius towards allegory. Its use is ambiguous, and made to serve contrary pur-

* Mr. Collier has endeavoured to shew the immoralities, and rectify the abuses of the stage, by weeding several of our modern plays. But the due prosecution of this subject perhaps requires more knowledge of human nature and civil affairs than usually comes to one man's share. This subject is also touched upon in several of the Spectators.

† That is, capable of working upon and influencing the people; and hence we have in England a variety of state plays: and certainly the stage has its use in government and morality as well as the pulpit, both which may be called the schools of a country.

poses: for it envelopes as well as illustrates—the first seeming to endeavour at an art of concealment, and the other at a method of instructing, much used by the ancients. For when the discoveries and conclusions of reason (though now common) were new and first known, the human capacity could scarce admit them in their subtle state, or till they were brought nearer to sense by such kind of imagery and examples: whence ancient times are full of their fables, their allegories and their similies; nay, the apothegms of the ancient sages were usually demonstrated by similitudes. And as hieroglyphics preceded letters, so parables preceded arguments; and the force of parables ever was and will be great, as being clearer than arguments, and more apposite than real examples.

The other use of allegorical poetry is to envelope things whose dignity deserves a veil, as when the secrets and mysteries of religion, policy, and philosophy are wrapped up in fables and parables. But though some may doubt whether there be any mystical sense concealed in the ancient fables of the poets, we cannot but think there is a latent mystery intended in some of them: for we do not therefore judge contemptibly of them, because they are commonly left to children and grammarians; but as the writings that relate these fables, are, next to the sacred ones, the most ancient, and the fables themselves much older still, being not delivered as the inventions of the writers, but as things before believed and received, they ap-

pear like a soft whisper from the traditions of more ancient nations conveyed through the flutes of the Grecians.

DESCRIPTION OF THREE RELIGIOUS SECTS

Denominated

JUMPERS, DUNKERS, AND SHAKERS.

BY JOHN EVANS, A. M.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE lately met with a very ingenious work entitled "A Sketch of the several Denominations into which the Christian World is divided;" and in perusing the same, I found the following curious account of three singular sectaries above mentioned, which I have no doubt will prove entertaining, at least, to your readers; by inserting it you will much oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

Cumberland,

April 7, 1803.

Jumpers.—Originally this singular practice of *jumping* during the time allotted for religious worship and instruction, was confined to the people called Methodists in Wales, the followers of Harris, Rowland, Williams, and others. The practice began in the western part of the country about the year 1760. It was soon

after defended by Mr. William Williams (the Welch poet, as he is sometimes styled) in a pamphlet, which was patronized by the abettors of jumping in religious assemblies, and viewed by the seniors and the grave with disapprobation. However, in the course of a few years, the advocates of groaning and loud talking, as well as loud singing, repeating the same line or stanza over and over thirty or forty times, became more numerous, and were found among some of the other denominations in the principality, and continue to this day. Several of the more zealous itinerant preachers in Wales recommended the people to cry out *Gogoniant* (the Welch word for *glory*), *Amen*, &c. &c. to put themselves in violent agitations, and finally, to *jump* until they were quite exhausted, so as often to be obliged to fall down on the floor or the field where this kind of worship was held. If any thing in the profession of religion, that is absurd and unreasonable, were to surprise us, it would be the censure that was cast upon those who gently attempted to stem this tide, which threatened the destruction of true religion as a reasonable service. Where the essence of true religion is placed in customs and usages which have no tendency to sanctify the several powers through the medium of the understanding, we ought not to be surprised, when we contemplate instances of extravagance and apostacy. Human nature, in general, is not capable of such exertions for any length of time, and when the spirits become exhausted, and the heat kindled by sympathy is subsided,

the unhappy persons sink into themselves, and seek for support in intoxication. It is not to be doubted but there are many sincere and pious persons to be found among this body of people—men who think they are doing God's service, whilst they are the victims of fanaticism. These are objects of compassion, and doubtless will find it in God. But it is certain, from incontestible facts, that a number of persons have attached themselves to those religious societies, who place a very disproportioned stress on the practice of *jumping*, from suspicious motives.—The theory and practice of such a religion are easily understood; for the man who possesses an unblushing confidence, and the greatest degree of muscular energy, is likely to excel in bodily exercise. Upon the whole, it is probable, as such an exercise has no countenance in reason nor revelation, that it has been, and is still productive of more evil than good. Many of the ministers who have been foremost in encouraging *jumping*, seemed to have nothing in view but the gratification of their vanity, inflaming the passions of the multitude by extravagant representations of the character of the Deity, the condition of man, and design of the Saviour's mission. The minister that wishes not to study to shew himself of God, has only to favor *jumping*, with its appendages; for as reason is out of the question, in such a religion, *he* can be under no fear of shocking it. It is some consolation to real religion, to add, that this practice is on the decline, as the more sober or conscientious, who were first at a loss to

judge where this practice might carry them, have seen its pernicious tendency.

About the year 1785, I myself (adds Mr. Evans) happened very accidentally to be present at a meeting, which terminated in jumping. It was held in the open air, on a Sunday evening, near Newport, in Monmouthshire. The preacher was one of Lady Huntingdon's students, who concluded his sermon with the recommendation of jumping; and to allow him the praise of consistency, he got down from the chair on which he stood, and jumped along with them. The arguments he adduced for this purpose were, that David danced before the ark—that the babe leaped in the womb of Elizabeth—and that the man whose lameness was removed leaped and praised God for the mercy which he had received. He expatiated on these topics with uncommon fervency, and then drew the inference, that they ought to shew similar expressions of joy for the blessings which Jesus Christ had put into their possession. He then gave an impassioned sketch of the sufferings of the Saviour, and thereby roused the passions of a few around him into a state of violent agitation. About nine men and seven women for some little time rocked to and fro, groaned aloud, and then jumped with a kind of frantic fury! Some of the audience flew in all directions—others gazed on in silent amazement! They all gradually dispersed, except the *jumpers*, who continued their exertions from eight in the evening to near eleven at night. I saw the conclusion of it: they at last kneeled down in

a circle, holding each other by the hand, while one of them prayed with great fervor, and then *all* rising up from their knees, departed. But previous to their dispersion, they wildly pointed up towards the sky, and reminded one another that they should soon meet there, and be never again separated!* I quitted the spot with astonishment!

The *Dunkers* and *Shakers* are two sects peculiar to America.

The *Dunkers* (or *Tunkers*) arose about 1724, and formed themselves into a kind of commonwealth, mostly in Pennsylvania. They baptize by immersion, dress like the Dominican friars, never shave head or beard, have different apartments for the sexes, live chiefly on roots and vegetables, except at their love-feasts, when they eat only mutton. It is said that no bed is allowed them but in case of sickness, for in their separate cells they have a bench to lie upon, and a block of wood for their pillow. Their principal tenet is the mortification of the body, and they deny the eternity of future punishment. They are commonly called the "harmless Dunkers."

The *Shakers*, instituted in 1774, are the followers of Anna Leese, whom they stile the

* For a further account of this sect, the curious reader is referred to Bingley's and Evans's Tour through Wales.

elect Lady, and the Mother of all the Elect. They say she is the woman mentioned in the twelfth chapter of the Revelations, can speak seventy-two tongues, and converses with the dead. Their enthusiasm is vented in jumping, dancing, and violent exertions of the body, which bringing on *shaking*, they are termed Shakers. This dancing, they say, denotes their victory over sin. Their most favorite exercise is turning round for an hour or two, which, in their opinion, shews the power of God.*

FASHIONS.

EVENING Dresses.—1. An evening dress of blue muslin, the back made plain and very low; the fronts formed of a half square of the same muslin, which is fastened on each shoulder, drawn full across the bosom, and tied in a bow before; a full tucker of the same under it. The sleeves full, and drawn up in the middle with quilled or puffed ribbon; the train very long, and trimmed round the bottom with the same as the sleeves. The head ornamented with a silver net, open at the top to admit the hair in large curls. White shoes.—2. A white crape dress over a sarsenet slip, made very low over the bosom, with a lace tucker; the sleeves

* See a curious account of the Shakers in the first volume of the Duke de la Rochefoucault's Travels through America.

drawn up with steel ornaments, and trimmed round the bottom with ribbons and steel; the bottom of the train trimmed with the same as the sleeves. The hair curled, and ornamented with a gold band.

Head Dress.—1. Hat of white lace over pink satin, and turned up in front to shew a pink crape or cap under it. Dress of plain muslin.—2. A lace cap over white satin; handkerchief of worked or embroidered muslin.—3. A straw bonnet with a dome crown.—4. Dress of plain muslin; the head ornamented with a twist of muslin fastened on the right side, one end falling over the right shoulder.—5. Evening dress of peach-coloured taffety; the sleeves of white satin, with full epaulets the same as the dress, drawn up and trimmed with white ribbon. Turban of satin, ornamented with blue feathers, fastened on the left side, and falling over the right.

General Observations.—The most fashionable colours are pink and pea-green. Pelices are superseded by fur tippets or white cloaks, Straw hats of various shapes, with dome crowns, are becoming general. Ornaments of gold, silver, or steel, are universally worn in full dress.



—
VELUTI IN SPECULUM.
—

—
THE DRAMA.
—

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

—
DRURY-LANE.

A NEW comedy, called *The Marriage Promise*, from the pen of Mr. Allingham, was performed at this theatre, for the first time, on Saturday, April 16, and was received with much applause.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Charles Merton	Mr. C. Kemble:
Sidney	Mr. Dwyer.
Tandem	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Consols	Mr. Dowton.
George Howard.....	Mr. Pope.
Farmer Woodland	Mr. Palmer.

Policy	Mr. Hollingsworth.
Jefferies	Mr. Powell.

Mrs. Howard	Mrs. Powell.
Mrs. Harvey	Mrs. Sparks.
Emma Harvey	Mrs. Jordan.
Mary Woodland	Miss Mellon.

Bailiffs, Servants, &c.

The Scene is laid in a village in England.

Upon the arrival of Charles Merton at his late father's mansion, to take possession of his estate, with his travelling companion, Mr. Sidney, a dashing young man of fashion, he meets with Tandem, a whimsical character, who had acted as his father's steward, and from whose knavery and tricks many incidents arise. A plot is laid by Sidney and Tandem to make Merton drunk, Tandem having been invited, at Sidney's request, to dine with them. Merton, in a state of intoxication, insults Mary, the daughter of farmer Woodland. After recovering from his drunkenness, he feels much remorse for his conduct; and to expiate his offence, determines to offer Mary his hand. For this purpose he writes to Woodland, and gives the letter for delivery to Tandem, who is distressed at finding his master in correspondence with Woodland, whom he has previously ordered to be arrested for debt, for having refused him his daughter.

Mrs. Harvey, a reduced gentlewoman, having retired with her daughter Emma to a cottage granted her by the late Mr. Merton, an

intimate friend of her deceased husband, Capt. Harvey, receives notice that her agent, who held the remnant of her fortune in trust, has failed; and the lease of her cottage having expired at the time young Merton takes possession, her daughter Emma resolves to wait on him, to intercede for her mother. In this interview Merton feels the interest of a lover, and is in despair when he reflects on the promise made to Mary Woodland. From this incident the play takes its title. To refer to another part of the plot—Consols arrives in the village, with his clerk, Policy, to whom he declares that his immense wealth rather makes him miserable than happy, and that he is resolved to part with some of it, to relieve the unfortunate. He enters the cottage of George Howard, by whom he is kindly treated and relieved, Howard supposing him in distress. In the mother of Howard Consols finds a lost daughter, who, having been privately married to the father of Merton, is involved in distress by his having neglected her and married again. From these circumstances many interesting situations arise. Merton becomes acquainted with his father's turpitude by means of a letter supposed to have been written by his dying hand, in which he recommends Mrs. Howard and her son to his care. George Howard, incensed at Merton's conduct to Mary Woodland, challenges him: they meet, but are prevented fighting by an old servant, who was in the secret, and who declares them to be brothers. Merton receives the hand of Emma Harvey, whilst Mary Woodland bestows

her's on George Howard, and thus the piece concludes.

The language of the play has the merit of classical elegance, and is admirably suited to the respective characters, while the wit and humour of the piece seem to arise solely from the occasion, without any intrusion upon the business of the scene. The author possesses a claim to public approbation which should not pass unnoticed. He strictly confines himself to the representation of things as they exist in nature, without borrowing meritricious aid from pantomimic trick or the art of the carpenter.

Among the performers, Mr. Bannister, C. Kemble, Pope, Dwyer, and Dowton, deserve particular mention. Mrs. Jordan, in *Emma Harvey*, soars above all praise; and Mrs. Powell and Miss Mellon, in their respective characters, are entitled to the author's best thanks.

SUMMER THEATRES.

ON Easter Monday, according to annual custom, the Circus, Astley's Amphitheatre, and Sadler's Wells opened with their accustomed *eclat*. The last theatre has come into the hands of new proprietors, from whose well-known theatrical abilities we presume the present season will outvie any former one in public entertainment.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR APRIL, 1803.

HYMN ON THE SPRING.

WHILE nature, full of milder grace,
Expects the full return of spring,
Already see the feather'd race
Chant jocund on exulting wing.

The rising flowers, the budding trees,
Each airy songster's notes inspire ;
Nor shall my muse forget with these
To join the universal choir.

Hail ! Parent, God, Creator, hail !
Rich fount of life, of sense, of joy !
Thy praise, till this weak tongue shall fail,
For ever shall this tongue employ.

When morn dispels the shades of night,
I trace thee thro' the live-long day ;
When eve succeeds retiring light,
Thy name still animates my lay.

While taught by thy unerring skill,
Successive seasons intervene,
Earth, all-obedient, hears thy will,
And spreads the vegetable scene.

The sun, the herald of thy praise,
Fills with new life the pregnant plains,
Pours on each spot his vital rays;
Bids each be born—and born sustains.

The brood that crowds the wat'ry space,
The rapid streams and trickling rills,
The insect troops, the reptile race,
The cattle on a thousand hills—

All, all confess thy tender care,
And thine almighty power proclaim;
Thro' earth, and sea, and trackless air
The voice of nature is the same.

Handsworth,
April 12, 1803.

T. M.

LINES

*Composed during a Walk on the Birth-day Eve of my
late infant Son, in prospect of a retired place alluded
to in some of the following Reflections.*

SOUL of sensibility!
Holy heavenly-minded guest,
Human nature owes to thee
Feelings not to be express'd.

Source of the poetic fire
Which thro' every age doth glow,
While to thee I wake the lyre,
Doubly on my spirit flow.

If this secret solitude
Be a temple fit for thee,
Here, in thy divinest mood,
Presence thy immensity.

Not alone when rapture burns,
Do I love thy sacred hour ;
When to agony it turns,
Still I bless thy thrilling pow'r.

Yea, tho' all a mother's soul
Vibrate to the strains that flow,
Would her hand the lyre controul,
And the bliss of grief forego ?

Once with fond hopes I survey'd
Life's fair garden as it smil'd :
Now in death's oblivious shade
Sleeps its sweetest flower—her child !

Yet shall memory love to dwell
On those moments, far gone by,
When in yonder charming dell
I enjoy'd my beauteous boy.

Beauteous ! O there's nought on earth
With his beauty could compare ;
And to match his inward worth,
Less than angel none shall dare.

Heav'n, now he is thither gone,
Fairer sheds her virgin light :
O my pretty little John,
Thou wast precious in my sight !

Lightly o'er the summer sky
Danc'd the azur-pinion'd hours ;
Smiling earth partook the joy,
'Twas the gala of her flowers.

When in yonder dell reclin'd,
Beauteous Sarah sitting nigh,
Love to rapture rais'd my mind,
As I gaz'd on each fair boy.

Each endu'd with winning charms,
Own'd his mother's sweet controul ;
But she fondled in her arms,
Him, the darling of her soul.

Tell me, Sarah, what you felt,
As you bending stoop'd to sip
Heav'nly nectar, that did melt
From your infant cherub's lip?

Sure such pleasure thrill'd each sense
From that fond ecstatic kiss,
Such as Eve, in innocence,
Drank amid the bowers of bliss.

What soft sigh is that ascends,
Breathing sweet of fruit and flower?
'Tis the spirit that descends
At the evening's vesper hour.

Native of a purer clime,
Born where joys eternal dwell,
Did'st thou sigh to think that time
Soon my fairy hopes would quell?

Soon, alas! the morning rose
That beheld those hopes laid low:
As her mournful eyes unclosed,
Sickly drops of dew o'erflow!

Ah, my soul, forbear to trace
Sorrow's sympathetic tale;
Nature trembling wraps her face
In a tear-anointed veil.

Rather bid our thoughts aspire
Up to the bright Heav'n above,
Wing'd by faith and strong desire,
There to meet the child we love!

Gentle as his sainted look,
Now in blest beatitude,
Lo, religion points the book
Rich with spirit-healing food.

As our souls its lore instil,
 We shall own how wise the plan
 Which absorbs each transient ill
 In the final good of man.

Yet, at meditation's hour,
 Oft will mem'ry pensive turn,
 Tears of joy and grief to pour
 O'er her dear beloved's urn.

Derby,
April 18, 1803.

J. E.

ADULTERY.

A POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.....PART I.

1.

VILEST amid the sensual train of vice,
 Adultery, who the pow'r of heav'nly truth
 Hast taught the realms of fashion to despise:
 Fashion's gay realms, where to thy bestial ruth
 Pleasure seduces innocence and youth,
 While modesty no more averts her gaze,
 And love submits to thee, and friendship thee
 obeys.

2.

Still must hoarse fame disclose with frequent voice
 Thy latent victims? Shall thy potent hand
 Snatch the fond parent from connubial joys?
 Shall wedded harlots still at thy command
 Croud pleasure's circles, and exulting stand
 While justice brands with infamy their name,
 And seals the avenging sentence of eternal shame?

3.

Indignant muse ! awake in virtue's cause
 The silent strings ; and let thy fearless lays
 Nobly attempt the meed of her applause !
 Honor far prouder than the critic's praise,
 On ecstasies of thought sublime may raise :
 Begin, O muse ! in virtue's cause—and tell
 How from the pride of beauty lovely Ellen fell !

4.

Youth led her smiling to gay folly's bow'rs,
 Where none but fashion's sway her vot'ries own,
 Where every friend who time and thought devours,
 Preys on the throng around her shadowy throne,
 And vice by all her guileful names is known :
 Hence custom did her forceful laws impart,
 And to the love of pleasure bound young Ellen's
 heart.

5.

Vain was the boast of honor—since she found,
 Taught by each comment that might reach her
 ear,
 Honor defin'd in every fleeting sound
 Which idiot fashion scatters thro' her sphere,
 Vain to direct aright her young career ;
 The world admir'd—and soon a rival band
 Of eager lovers sought the beauteous Ellen's hand.

6.

But every smile was Edward's—envied swain !
 Edward alone deserv'd the lovely maid :
 Wide o'er luxuriant lawns his proud domain
 Extended ; where, by raptur'd Hymen led,
 By fancy's dreams and ardent passion sway'd,
 Ellen, delighted, blush'd amid the grove,
 Consenting far from towns to taste the sweets of love.

7.

On Edward's mind fair taste her charms had spread,
Her charms adorn'd his lawns, and vales, and
wood ;
Her hand his heathy mountains crown'd with shade,
And taught meanders to the idle flood ;
The steps of beauty every path pursued
Where Ellen walk'd ; now bursting on the sight,
The distance open'd wide ; now trees exclude the
light.

8.

Edward alone deserv'd the lovely maid :
Action and health had form'd his manly frame,
Peace and content his placid brow array'd,
His pious soul confess'd religion's flame ;
The poor twin'd blessings with his honor'd name,
Immortal muses strung his tuneful lyre,
While ancient wisdom taught to touch the sacred
wire.

9.

Such was the husband of the fair. She lov'd
With all the impassion'd ardor of the mind ;
For judgment with affection's warmth approv'd
Her nuptial choice. While Hymen's bliss refin'd,
And wit and beauty, the fond husband blind
To all but flattering fancy's bright display,
And love's delighting pleasures fill'd each happy day.

10.

Thus pass'd their envied hours. Advancing time
Twisted the 'lengthening chain' of mutual love
About each heart. The parent's joy sublime,
Cement of souls ! the pair enraptur'd prove.
Time as he pass'd still saw their bliss improve.
But now—detested wretch !—Lothario came,
To blot with lust's foul stains his benefactor's name !

11.

Lothario oft had trod the round of vice ;
The courtly circle, and the gaming board,
The smiles of fashion, and the midnight toys
Of public gaiety, the purse well stor'd
With fortune's favors, and the empty hoard,
Alternate had he known. At Edward's gate,
A ruin'd gamester now, he stood, to try his fate.

12.

No common man ! When fortune prov'd unkind,
He knew to win the unwilling to his aim ;
His were the various springs that move the mind :
With patriots he 'gainst statesmen would exclaim,
With graver heads on modish vice declaim,
Lament his errors past, and with the gay
Utter his thundering oaths and drink the night
away !

13.

Such was the man ! In Edward's presence now
Pensive he stood, and breath'd the ready sigh :
He spoke of friendship past, and many a vow
Made in fond hours of youth and early joy,
Of present grief and future misery
Till woo'd, his friend's domestic peace to share,
He hail'd the expected welcome from impending care.

14.

Lothario now partook each rural joy,
The sylvan sports of health at early day,
The book, the board, when tempests hid the sky ;
For him was ever sought each pastime gay :
At friendship's bidding, care still fled away.
To him the children gave a father's name,
A tender brother's love their generous parents claim.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

(To be continued in our next.)

Literary Review.

De Augmentis Scientiarum, or the Arrangement and general Survey of Knowledge, with the particular Defects, and the Ways of supplying them, for the Advancement of Arts and Sciences. By Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England. Translated from the Latin, by Peter Shaw, M.D. With Notes critical and explanatory. In two volumes.

AT the name of BACON the heart of every Englishman is distended with pride and elevated with triumph. He was at once the ornament and glory of this country. To him we owe some of the first discoveries with which science has in these latter ages been embellished. Him therefore we justly regard with gratitude and joy.

This is only a portion of the works of Bacon, which is now in a course of publication. The former parts have been received with avidity, and the present, we doubt not, will be received with an equal degree of interest. Indeed, of all his intellectual efforts, his *Arrangement and general Survey of Knowledge*, is, on account of depth and extent, most entitled to our attention.

The Temple of Nature, or the Origin of Society ; a Poem ; with philosophical Notes, by Erasmus Darwin, M.D. F.R.S. Author of the Botanic Garden, &c.

THE works of this learned and profound writer (lately deceased) have long been the subject of public admiration, and this posthumous piece will add credit to his memory. Like the *Botanic Garden*, it abounds with information respecting nature, illustrated by the richest and most luxuriant imagery. The poem is distributed into four books; entitled the Production of Life, the Reproduction of Life, the Progress of the Mind, and of Good and Evil. The notes are replete with curious particulars, dictated in the spirit of a large and liberal philosophy.

OBLIVION is most expressively pourtrayed in the following lines :

Deep-whelm'd beneath in vast sepulchral caves,
Oblivion dwells amid unlabell'd graves,
The storied tomb, the laurell'd bust o'erturns,
And shakes their ashes from the mould'ring urns.
No vernal zephyr breathes, no sunbeams cheer,
Nor song nor simper ever enters here.
O'er the green floor and round the dew-damp
wall

The slimy snail and bloated lizard crawl ;
While on white heaps of intermingled bones
The muse of Melancholy sits and moans,
Showers her cold tears o'er beauty's early wreck,
Spreads her pale arms and bends her marble neck.
So in rude rocks beside the Ægean wave
Trophonius scoop'd his sorrow-sacred cave,
Unbarr'd to pilgrim feet the brazen door,
And the sad sage returning smil'd no more !

The story of Orpheus is also well told in these lines :

Love led the sage thro' death's tremendous porch,
Cheer'd with his smile, and lighted with his
torch,

Hell's triple dog his playful jaws expands,
Fawns round the god, and lick his baby hands;
In wondring groups the shadowy nations throng,
And sigh or simper as he steps along.

Sad swains and nymphs forlorn on Lethe's brink,
Hug their past sorrows, and refuse to drink.

Night's dazzled empress feels the golden flame
Play round her breast and melt her frozen frame,
Charms with soft words and sooths with amorous
smiles

Her iron-hearted lord—and Pluto smiles.

His trembling bride the bard triumphant led
From the pale mansions of the astonish'd dead,

Gave the fair phantom to admiring light,

Ah! soon again to tread irremeable night!

These two extracts shew the talents of the author in a superior point of view, and the production is certainly a valuable present (together with its plates by Fuseli, famous for the powers of imagination) to the republic of letters.

D'Aveyro; or, The Head in the Glass Cage; a Novel.
By F.L.C. Montjoye, Author of the "*Histoire des*
Quatre Espagnoles." Translated from the French.
4 volumes.

A TALE taken from the manners and complexion of our own country is often sufficiently amusing to the imagination of ordinary readers. But the work before us is of a still more extra

ordinary kind: it is an Italian story, worked up with all that pathos which finds its way to the heart. Its tendency is pure—no inconsiderable merit, when we reflect on the general class of novels with which the public is at this time deluged. We therefore recommend the work before us, as rising above the common productions of the press, and by its simplicity and purity commanding our approbation.

The Sportsman's Cabinet; or, a correct Delineation of the Dogs used in the Sports of the Field: including the Canine Race in general. Consisting of a Series of rich and masterly Engravings of every distinct Breed, from original Paintings, taken from Life, purposely for the Work; with professional Observations, By P. Reinagle, Esq. R.A. Engraved in the Line Manner by Mr. John Scott, (by whom the Plates to Mr. Daniel's Rural Sports were executed), and interspersed with beautiful Vignettes, engraved on Wood, by C. Nesbit. Forming a Collection of superb Sporting Subjects, worthy the Attention of Amateurs of Field Sports, and Admirers of the Arts in general.

THE island of Great Britain affords not only support to its inhabitants, but by the bounty of Providence may be rendered a source of considerable amusement. Accordingly, writers who are conversant with the different species of GAME have it in their power to convey no small information on this interesting subject. The superior classes of society are much addicted to sports; and this kind of pleasure, enjoyed in moderation, becomes serviceable to the health

and constitution. It is therefore peculiarly acceptable to meet with a work like the present, which, by the beauty of the plates and the accuracy of the narrative, contributes so eminently to the diffusion of innocent pleasure. So masterly a work we have never before seen ; it is on this account justly denominated a NATIONAL WORK ; and we trust it will be rewarded by universal approbation. The care with which the numbers are done up, and the elegance of the cuts and typography, are well entitled to the appropriate reward of a very general circulation. It is, we are informed, to be comprised in 24 monthly numbers, forming, when complete, two handsome volumes in quarto.

Cambrian Itinerary, or Welch Tourist containing an Historical and Topographical Description of the Antiquities and Beauties of Wales, also the principal Houses of Accommodation, or Inns, in the Country ; likewise a Colloquial Vocabulary in English and Welch, and an Appendix, containing the Bardic or ancient Welch Alphabet, indispensibly necessary for every Tourist. The whole illustrated by a new and correct Map of the Principality, including the Roads, Rivers, and Mountains. By Thomas Evans.

THE copiousness of the title-page fully explains the nature and design of this publication. Wales is a most romantic and interesting country. The simplicity and integrity of the Welch are just subjects of admiration ; and may they preserve unimpaired these excellent qualities to latest posterity !

Though we have perused most of the books relating to the principality, yet we are particularly pleased with the volume before us. It contains so many articles with which the intelligent reader would wish to be acquainted, that we think it well entitled to our approbation. Information and utility are here happily combined together; and with respect to the author we trust that his labour and industry will be properly rewarded.

Devout Exercises of the Heart in modest Soliloquy and Praise, by the late pious Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe: to which are prefixed, Memoirs of the Author, with a Portrait. Reviewed and published at her Request, by Isaac Watts, D.D. Jones's Edition.

MRS. ROWE (who lived and died at Frome, in Somersetshire) was a sensible pious woman—we have a sincere respect for her memory. She published many pieces, all of which breathe a spirit of devotion. The work which now calls for our attention has been long a favorite with the public; and though the sentiments are on an high key, yet there are a great many christians who are on that very account the more delighted with them. Recommended by Dr. Watts, they must have something really good in them, and indeed they will be found conducive to improvement among every denomination. Christians are not united in sentiment, but they ought *all* to cherish those pious emotions which will be raised and perfected in the heavenly world.

*Retrospect of the Political World*FOR APRIL, 1803.

IN our last, we stated the hostile appearances of things between Britain and France ; we are now, however, happy to say that these appearances, by which we were so much alarmed, are somewhat abated. No explicit declaration has indeed been yet made by government, tho' certainly affairs have taken a more *pacific* turn than was expected. Whether we were mistaken respecting the extent of warlike preparations in the French ports, or whether the first consul has deigned to make some apology to our court, it is impossible for us to say—time will fully develop the mystery.

Poor Switzerland seems pretty quiet under its new masters, though it is certain they rule them with a degree of severity. To bear *such* a yoke, we confess, calls for fortitude and resignation.

The Americans appear to be taking active measures to check the inroads of the French in Louisiana. *Jefferson* is a man of ability and spirit, and though favorable to the principles of rational liberty, he will not for a moment forget the interests of his country. The old world has long been the theatre of war and devastation—scarcely a spot can be found on its surface which has not been moistened with human blood ; we were therefore in hopes that AMERICA would,

from her situation, continue to enjoy that peace and tranquillity, the blessings of which are so frequently denied to the other half of the world.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR APRIL, 1803.

1. **A** COURT-MARTIAL was held, at Chelsea, on two officers in a distinguished corps of infantry, Captain Maclellan (brother to Lord Kircudbright), and Ensign Lloyd. It appears that the former gentleman had insulted the latter, one day while at the regimental mess, by speaking in loose terms of his wife, which the provoked husband naturally resented, and they both proceeded to blows, but were afterwards separated by their brother officers. The commanding officer transmitted the circumstances to the Duke of York, who ordered them to be tried by a court-martial: the report thereof having been laid before the king, received his approbation, whereby the aggressor (Capt. M.) is dismissed his majesty's service, and Ensign Lloyd is suspended and deprived of his pay for six months!

6. A duel fought on Primrose-hill between Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara, where the former, being shot through the body, expired on the spot, and the latter was dangerously wounded! The quarrel originated about their *dogs* accidentally fighting in Hyde Park!

Duelling of every kind is a disgrace to this christian country : but we cannot help expressing the deepest regret that such trivial occurrences should arm against each other's lives men of honor, respected by their friends, and useful to their country.

8. Three young men, well dressed, were brought before the lord mayor for ill behaviour in St. Paul's during divine service. They were, however, dismissed, upon their expressing contrition and making a proper apology.

9. A lady in Mount-street set fire to her muslin dress, and was burnt in so shocking a manner, before any assistance could be given her, that she expired in the greatest agonies ! We mention this accident that we may have an opportunity of cautioning our female readers against so tremendous an evil. The frequency of such accidents of late is a shocking subject of reflection.

11. Grand procession of the lord mayor, preceded by the boys of Christ's Hospital, it being Easter Monday ; and in the evening the ball was splendid in a degree almost unexampled on any former occasion. Among the ornaments was a *temple of peace* between two naval pillars, surrounded by the flags of neighbouring nations. May the blessings of peace continue amongst us to the latest posterity !

12. A battle, consisting of eleven rounds, fought between Belcher and Firby, near Newmarket : the latter, distinguished by the honorable title of the *Young Ruffian*, was defeated and almost killed. It is a pity that so brutal a

practice should not be seriously punished; it ought not to be suffered in a civilized country.

13. Some persons killed by a press-gang near Weymouth; the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Capt. Wolfe, of his majesty's ship *L'Aigle*, to whom the party belonged. Outrages of a press-gang call for condign punishment.

15. A person of the name of Grant fired two pistols at Mr. Townsend whilst standing at his door, in St James's Place; the balls of which passing through his cloaths, wounded his knee. The culprit was secured. It was supposed to have originated in a love disappointment.

16. Mr. Robert Aslett, one of the cashiers of the Bank of England, was brought before the lord mayor, on the charge of embezzling exchequer bills to a very large amount! He continues in the Poultry compter for further examination.

17. The remains of the late Dowager Countess of Chatham interred in Westminster Abbey, in the same vault with her husband, of illustrious memory. The hearse was met at Kensington Gore by the carriages of Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville, and the Earl of Chatham, which moved in slow and solemn procession to the Abbey.

18. The will proved of an old maiden lady, Miss Reynolds, who dying lately, bequeathed the sum of 50,000*l.* to government towards the reduction of the national debt! This is a new and substantial proof of loyalty: we recommend it to the imitation of all rich bachelors and maidens; they cannot fail of thus making

up for former deficiencies, and rendering themselves very beneficial to their country.

20. Bill of indictment for murder presented against Capt. Macnamara, Surgeon Heaviside, and the seconds, thrown out by the grand jury at Hicks's Hall.

21. Anniversary of the Literary Fund held at the Crown and Anchor, in the Strand. His grace the duke of Somerset not attending, as president, Lord Pelham presided, supported by Lord Sheffield and others. We state with pleasure that the sum of 470*l.* was communicated from the English officers in the East Indies. The funds of the society, we are happy to learn, are in a flourishing condition.

22. Capt. Macnamara tried at the Old Bailey for manslaughter, and acquitted. He received an excellent character, and the court was crowded on the occasion.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

WM. HACKER, of the Precinct of the Palace of the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Kent, builder. Francis Martorelli, late of Fleet-street, merchant. William Hance, Tooley-street, Southwark, merchant. Wm. Stokes, Old Broad-street, merchant. George Sly, Wanstead, Essex, stock-broker. Francis George, Pantague, Monmouth, coal-merchant. Thomas Hutchon, Coleman-street, London, merchant. Richard Rome, Penryn, Cornwall, merchant. John Richmond,

Skerton, Lancaster, gardener and seedsman. Ben. Acocks, Red Lion-street, Red Lion-square, Middlesex, coal-merchant. Peter Norton, Whitechurch, Salop, innholder. Francis Bestow, Russia-row, Milk-street, hosier. Thomas Bishop, Little Eastcheap, carpenter. Jacob Nathan Barkly, Tower Royal, Budge-row, merchant. Daniel Powney the younger, Sherborne, Dorsetshire, victualler. Edward Brook, Wakefield, money-scrivener. Isidore Bourgeois, late of Billiter-square, London, merchant. Samuel Sheppard, Marlborough-street, Carnaby-market, victualler. Samuel Greenwood, Newman-street, Middlesex, coach-maker. Wm. Young, late of Kingston-upon-Hull, malster. Wm. Turnbull, late of Fenchurch-street, London, dealer. George Tanner, Bristol, hardwareman. Thomas Arnold, Canterbury, cheesemonger. J. Bell, Norwich, liquor merchant. John Bateman, Whitechapel, hardwareman. Francis Keymer, Covent Garden, surgeon. J. Benj. Lemnitz and Wolff Risson, Fenchurch-street, merchants. Francis Witney, otherwise Nicholas, Woodmancote, Gloucester, currier. George Billet, Southwark, linen draper. Charles Dunne, Durweston-street, St. Mary-le-bone, surgeon. Thomas Dow and Anthony Dow, Liverpool, merchants. Wm. Cadwell, Maidstone, upholsterer. M. E. Most, Old Bethlem, merchant. Richard Early, Chelmsford, coal merchant. Hugh Mitchell, Liverpool, builder. J. B. Davallon, Laurance Pountney-lane, Cannon-street, merchant. Henry Aveson and Samuel Aveson, Manchester, corn dealers. Robt. Anderson, Guildford-street, London, merchant. John Glover, late of Great Lever Works, Lancashire, oil of vitriol manufacturer. Hugh Smith, Blackfriar's Road, coach maker. Joseph Green, Liverpool, woollen draper. Nathaniel Calvert,

late of Lancaster, merchant. Edward M'Connell, Liverpool, linen merchant. Thomas Dearing, Wood-street, Cheapside, victualler. John Cooke, Barnes, Surrey, dealer. Francis Wilson, Great Clacton, Essex, linen draper. T. J. Westbrook, Nelson Terrace, City Road, builder. John Myles, Custon, Cheshire, cornfactor. Wm. Brown, Lincoln, saddler. Wm. Beaumont, Shrewsbury, draper. James Rawstorne, Pontefract, York, merchant. William Walker, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. T. M. Slade, Old Bond-street, picture dealer. Robert Halstead, Worsthorpe, Lancaster, calico manufacturer. James Hustler, Weston Colville, Cambridgeshire, farmer. William Dawson, jun. Liverpool, merchant. Jos. Marriott Waller and Michael Waller, Hightown, York, merchants. Hugh Thurston, Winchcomb, Gloucester, grocer. William Henry Hitchener, Bird-in-Hand-court, Cheapside, warehouseman. David Gwynne, Frith-street, St. Ann, Westminster, tailor. Wm. Every, New Sarum, Wilts, shopkeeper. Robert Chapman, Old Bethlem, London, chip and straw hat manufacturer. James Curtis, Oxford, wine and brandy merchant. Thomas Stawell, Halberton, Devon, dealer and chapman. Robert Tredgold, Milland, Southampton, miller.

*REMARKABLE BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND
DEATHS IN APRIL, 1803.*

BIRTHS.

AT her house in Spring Gardens, the Countess of Berkeley of a daughter.

At his house in Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, the lady of Sir Francis Vincent, Bart. of a son and heir.

At her father's house, College-street, Westminster, the lady of Captain G. Murray, R. N. of a son.

At his house in Gloucester-place, the lady of the Hon. Major-gen. Forbes, of a son.

At her house in Manchester-square, the Right Hon. Lady C. Drummond, of a son.

At her house in Wimpole-street, Lady Elizabeth Loftus, of a son.

At his house in Old Burlington-street, the lady of Sir John Hayes, Bart. of a son.

In Upper Grosvenor street, the lady of Sir Robt. Peel, Bart. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Lord Montgomery, eldest son of the Earl of Eglington, to Lady Mary Montgomery. By this union large family estates will be reunited in one person.

At Mary-le-bone church, Captain Edward Brenton, of the royal navy, to Miss Cox, daughter of the late Gen. T. Cox.

In Essex, Capt. J. Dick, of the royal navy, to Miss Augusta Goodrich, second daughter of Bartlet Goodrich, Esq. of Saling Grove, Essex.

Sir Charles Hamilton, Bart. R.N. to Miss Drummond, only daughter of the late banker of that name.

Major Maxwell, eldest son of Sir Wm. Maxwell, Bart. of Monreith, to Miss Cath. Fordyce.

Capt. Ingleby, of Holywell, Flintshire, to Miss Hughes, daughter of Mr. John Hughes, merchant in Chester.

Thomas Bond, Esq. eldest son of Sir Jas. Bond, Bart. to Miss Read, youngest daughter of the late J. Reid, Esq. of Porchester-lodge. Hants.

At Islington, Lancelot Haslop, Esq. to Miss H. Stock, second daughter of T. Stock, Esq. of Highbury Place.

DEATHS.

In Germany, the great poet and composer, Klopstock. His remains were solemnly interred at Ottensen (a village adjoining Altona) in the grave of his first wife, who was buried there 30 years ago. The funeral was attended by the senate of Hamburg and many of the foreign ministers, and most distinguished inhabitants of that city, in upwards of 100 carriages. A selection of sacred music, taken from the poet's own works, and composed by the greatest masters, was performed on the occasion: the vocal parts were entirely executed by upwards of 80 young ladies, of the first families of Hamburg and Altona. Innumerable crowds of spectators shewed the interest they took in this last tribute to this most distinguished ornament of their country.

At her father's house, Gt. Marlborough-street, of a decline, Miss Siddons, daughter of our great tragic actress.

At her seat at Bounds, near Tunbridge Wells, in the 56th year of her age, the Dowager Countess of Darnley.

In the 88th year of his age, the Hon. Everard Arundell, Count of the sacred Roman empire, and uncle to Lord Arundel.

At Montpelier Place, near the Black Rock, Dublin, James Sweetman, barrister at law. In attempting to draw the charge of his musket, it unfortunately went off, and the contents entering his breast, he instantly expired.

At Green, near Dornock, Mr. George Wishart, aged 64. His father, Thomas Wishart, was 100 years old when George was born, and died at the age of 125.

At his house in Piccadilly, in the 74th year of his age, the Right Hon. Sir Wm. Hamilton, K.B.

At Burton-Pynsent, Somersetshire, in the 83d year of her age, the Right Hon. Countess Dowag. of Chatham, relict of the great Lord Chatham, and mother of the present earl, and the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt.

In Wimpole-street, Lady Frances Williams Wynn, in the 86th year of her age, relict of Sir W.W. Wynn.

At Ennets, in the parish of Kincardine-O'Neil, Janet Gaul, aged 105 years. She retained all her senses to the last. Her husband reached his 104th year.

At Shotton, Durham, Christian Wallace, aged 105 years. She had resided there nearly the whole of that period.

At Little Wilbraham, Cambridgeshire, Mrs. Hobbs, aged 104 years. She enjoyed her health and faculties to the last.

At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Earl of Dumfries, in the 77th year of his age.

At Holton Park, Oxfordshire, the Hon. Mrs. Parker, wife of Col. Parker, and sister-in-law to the Earl of Macclesfield, aged 24.

At Reading, Admiral Sir T. Rich, Bart.

Suddenly, at Patrington, after eating a hearty dinner, the Rev. E. Healey, vicar of that place, and one of his majesty's justices of peace. The day before he preached an excellent sermon, on the following text, from Psalm xxxix. 5.—“ Lord let me know the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live.”

At Brentford, Mrs. Trimmer, author of many valuable books for children.

In Essex, the Rt. Hon. Lord John Henniker.
